The Weekly Pacific.

"First Pure then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy."

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The Student's Death-Bed.

The place looked like the abode of happiness. It was a low dwelling-house, at a little distance from the busy centre, from the inn, the stores, the lawyers' offices, around which all the business of the place gathered; and it was not near the village church, although from the parlor windows you might catch through the trees a glimpse of the not far distant spire. If the appearance of the house did not betoken affluence, yet the large inclosure around, either indicated the easy circumstances of the owner, or showed that the rage for speculation in *village lots* had not reached this secluded spot.

These grounds were filled with fruit and shrubbery. The apple, the plum, the pear, the peach, and the cherry tree were covered with blossoms. The lilac and the acacia were loading the air with their sweet, yet almost sickening fragrance; the piony and the snow-ball were blooming in bright and beautiful contrast; the cinnamon rose almost covered the sides of the house; the sweet brier had climbed to the eaves, and the honeysuckle, the sweetest of all flowers, just breathed upon by the dews of night, was entwined around the porch, and emitting its own delightful fragrance. It was the close of one of those warm days which sometimes visit us in early summer, and which shed brightness and glory upon all creation. Yet amidst this profusion of beauty, there was an air of sadness diffused around the place. The master of the house closed the gate softly and carefully, as if he feared to disturb the sick, and moved with a slow and lingering step, as though his heart were heavy, and an expression of deep sadness was mingled with the solemnity which usually rested on the brow of the pastor who met him. The boy who was returning from the watering-place, checked the trot of his horses, and stopped his own whistle as he passed the windows, and the passers-by, although they lingered to admire, spoke in low and suppressed tones.

The parlor windows opened upon a piazza, upon which were placed some choice and beautiful green-house plants; and near these, bolstered in an easy-chair, and wrapped in his sick gown, reclined the invalid. He was perhaps eighteen, for the down but just shaded his cheek, but his high and intellectual forehead, his bright and piercing eye indicated a maturity of character not often attained at this age. His thin, emaciated hand held a small Greek Testament, while his bloated feet, raised and supported by pillows, declared too plainly that he was in the last stages of a fatal and insidious disease. Behind his chair, situated so as to partly support his head, stood one who must have been his mother.

Their features were the same—the same forehead, the same eye, the same sweet yet firm mouth. The son had inherited his mother's beauty, and as she supported her dying child, you might trace at once the resemblance and the difference. There was an expression of deep solemnity in the face of the dying boy; yet even in this hour, there was mingled with it something of the hope and gladness of youth, while the expression of the mother's indicated deep and heartfelt sadness united to devout submission—although the frequently quivering lip, and the moistened and upraised eye showed how great the effort made to attain it. The mother had been a pre-eminently beautiful woman; but she looked worn from care and sorrow, and the features of the son, wasted as he was by disease, were still so beautiful and regular that they would have been thought feminine, had not their high and intellectual expression redeemed their character; while the loftly brow of the mother might have indicated a pride which would have ill-befitted her Christian standing, and a sternness which does not beseem her sex, had it not been relieved by the habitually softened and subdued expression of her face.

The windows faced the west, and the invalid was so placid that he could watch the last rays of the setting sun. It was a glorious scene—glittering mountains of every hue were piled upon each other. But who can describe such a sunset? Who can dip his pen or his pencil in the colors of the rainbow, and bring before you the beauties of such a sky?

The youth fixed his brightened eye upon the western hemisphere, and watched those moving masses of gold, and crimson, and azure, and his feverish and hurried breathing grew deeper, calmer, and more regular, while the mother gazed alternately upon her dying child and upon those fading glories. She then shut her eyes as if she could not bear the visions presented; but her feelings could not be repressed, and the large drops fell silently and slowly upon the face of her child.

"Mother," said he, and she leaned over him and touched her lips to his cheek, as she answered, "What, my son?"

He drew her to him, and feebly kissed her pale cheek as he added, "That sun will rise to-morrow, and we shall meet again."

"I trust so, my child, and in a better world than this."

"Yes, mother; in a world of glory and beauty of which even yonder sky is but a faint type; and, mother, we shall join the great assembly before the throne, and see the good and just of all countries, and of all ages; we shall mingle with angels and archangels, and more than this, we shall behold Him who hath accomplished the mysteries of our redemption, who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and laid down his life for our sake."

"Blessed be God, for such hopes, my child," replied the mother with a faint smile, as with her small hand she raised the dark masses of hair from his forehead, and bathed his pale and clammy brow.

"My father," said he, extending his hand to his father, who had entered the room, and who now stood by his side, and upon whose plain but manly features was written deep anxiety. The father took his hand, and drew a seat near to his child, although his choking voice forbade the attempt to speak, and he raised his eyes to his wife with an expression of utter hopelessness, after he had gazed upon the face of his son.

The seal of death was indeed upon that young brow, and he knew that in a few hours he must be childless, and the bright and cherished being before him must be consigned to the dark and silent grave.

"I fear that it is getting too damp—will you take Edward in your arms and carry him to his bed, father?" asked the wife in a calm and almost cheerful tone; and the father groaned as he rose to comply with her request, and he shut his teeth together as he murmured to himself—"for the last time."

"I am not very heavy now, father," said the son, as he lay like an infant in his father's arms; "but you have carried me many years. How kind you have always been to me, my dear father," he added, as he kissed his father's cheek.

"Oh, my son," groaned the father, and then he struggled to suppress his emotion, lest it should disturb his dying child.

The household were assembled. The father offered, as was his wont, his evening prayer by the bedside of the son; and although at times his choking voice almost forbade his utterance, there was praise and thanksgiving mingled with supplication, and then the domestics gathered around the bed and received the usual kind, though feeble salutation, and then they slowly withdrew and left him with his mother, perhaps to sleep—perchance to die.

The sun rose gloriously and beautifully the next morning. The birds poured forth their notes of sweet and joyful melody. The flowers, gemmed with the dews of night, displayed their richest beauty, and shed their sweetest perfume around that darkened dwelling. There was beauty and brightness without—there was sadness and desolation within. The mother did not dare trust herself to look upon the beauties which she had last enjoyed with one whose eyes were closed forever; and the father, although he came to the door, groaned and hastily closed it, as if his darkened soul could not bear the glorious beauty of such a morning. Still, no wail of despair, no loud complaint of grief or lamentation were in that smitten habitation. They mourned—but they mourned not as those who mourn without hope. They praised God for the mercy which he had manifested to their child. They blessed him for the assurance which they felt, that their loss was gain to him; and although the mother, in the first burst of anguish, had flung herself upon her husband's bosom, and exclaimed, "We are childless," she had been checked by his mild reproof—"No, my love—our child has only gone a little before us."

These parents were hardly in the prime of life, and years of lonely desolation were before them; and as their pastor, after he had wept and prayed with them, took his leave, he said—

"You have now only to live for God."

"God grant that we may," was the response of the father, while the mother hid her face with her hands, and wept with bitterness as she repeated, "And thine *idols* I will utterly remove."

The youth upon whose last hours we have thus dwelt, was of uncommon promise; and many wondered at a dispensation which so early removed one whose piety and talents gave the pledge of a life of usefulness, and had thus smitten parents who had early dedicated their child to God, and who had so assiduously sought to fit him for his service. And while the wise shook their heads, and whispered that such early piety and premature development were the sure precursors of an early death, few deemed it necessary, and some would have thought it criminal, to ask whether the very means used to insure his mental and spiritual improvement, might not have prostrated his physical powers, and made him an early victim to the well-intended but mistaken system of parental education.

Mrs. M——, a woman of uncommon natural endowments, had married early in life a man of plain common sense, but of little mental cultivation. They lived peacefully and happily together, for he honored her, and she respected him.—Still she felt, although she might not acknowledge, his deficiencies; and when she became a mother, she diligently devoted herself to the mental cultivation of her child. He was a bright and sweet boy, inheriting his mother's temperament and character, and amply rewarding her by his rapid improvement, for her unremitting care.

Twenty years since, the attention of mothers was hardly directed to the physical system, while it was even more fashionable then than now, to urge the early development of the mental powers. Mrs. M—— never forgot that her child was an intellectual, an immortal being; but she scarcely considered that he had likewise an animal existence, and that there was a close alliance between the mind and the body in which it was lodged. In her eagerness to polish the gem, she forgot the frail casket which enshrined it. Her tenderness insured his happiness during his infancy and childhood, and although a delicate, he was not a sickly child. She took the supervision of his education, and early and carefully formed the habits which she wished to establish. She taught him to love his book, his pencil, to admire every opening flower, and to find delight in all the changing aspects of nature. She kept him ever by her side. In her morning's ride, or walk, in her visits to the poor or afflicted, in the social circle, or the sanctuary, he was still with her. She stimulated his thirst for knowledge, and herself instructed him thoroughly in his primary studies; and as his education advanced, she was judicious in the selection of teachers to whom she committed him for his further improvement. He was so much secluded from the companionship of children of his own age, and made so happy at home with his parents and the amusements there provided for him, that he had no desire to mingle in the noisy sports of the lads around him.

While his mother carefully shielded him from every unholy influence, she was most diligent in her efforts to instil the principles of divine truth. Deeply convinced of the native corruption of human nature, while she labored for his spiritual welfare as one who felt that all depended upon human instrumentality, she prayed and waited as one who knew that no effort would avail without the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit. Like the careful husbandman, she well prepared the ground, and cast in her seed, and then she waited for the early and the latter rain, knowing that without the blessing of the God of the harvest, all would be vain. The objects at which she aimed were high and holy, the means which she employed were wise and judicious, and she was rewarded by abundant success. Her child became what she wished him to be. His uncommon intellectual attainments were chastened by deep piety, and his love of knowledge was sanctified by a desire to have that knowledge subservient to his usefulness. Mrs. M—— rejoiced over her son with a mother's love, perhaps with a mother's pride; but as he advanced towards manhood, many apprehensions began to mingle with and deepen her tenderness. He was not ill, he was not sickly, but he was delicate. He could neither bear the winter's blast or the summer's heat. He was like a tender green-house plant, and could only flourish in a carefully regulated and artificial atmosphere. His constitution had never been braced by the sports and exercises of hardy childhood. His lungs had never been strengthened by their noisy whoops, or his cheek redened and his frame strung by their athletic sports. The stimulus applied had all been mental and moral, and his overtasked mind exhausted his slender frame.

It was thought necessary that he should leave home in order to complete his education, and this separation from her child was Mrs. M——'s first grief. But every arrangement which care and affection could dictate was made, and then he was committed to the protection of the God of his childhood. While the parents tried thus to leave him, and to feel that all would be well, for all would be right, they could not but feel much apprehension; and the kind eulogies of their friends upon his virtues or his talents began to sound in their ears like his death knell.

A thought had sometimes passed through the mind of Mr. M—— that the boy had been nurtured too delicately—that his mother had not brought up her children thus—that had he been allowed to run about like other boys in the dust and heat of summer, and slide down hill in the winter, his constitution might have been firmer; but his habitual reverence for his wife prevented these considerations, and he had never interfered with her arrangements for the child. Mrs. M—— felt that she had endeavored to train her child for God, and that if it was his holy will to remove him, it became her to bow in devout and grateful submission. She had indeed taken no thought for the body, and while hundreds of mothers in their utter indifference to the higher interests of their children, merely attend to the wants of the animal nature, and from pure carelessness leave them to pursue a course which will develop the physical powers, and strengthen the muscular system, and almost insure them a long life, it may be of infamy; by her very care and tenderness she had sown the seeds of disease and death. Still, she knew it not, for she had not learned that for the violation of the laws of our physical system, we are as surely punished, as for our departure from the moral laws which the Creator has promulgated.

A letter containing the announcement of Edward's illness was received as the realization of previous presentiments—presentiments which were but the sober conclusions of reason, had these parents allowed themselves thus to receive them. A frame so delicate could not bear the close application to study, and the trials and privations necessarily attendant, unless supported by miracle; and so these parents would have judged, had they allowed themselves to reason. But Mrs. M—— regarded these fears as the result of parental tenderness, perhaps of parental weakness, and felt it a duty to overcome them. With the haste of parental love they flew to him, and they found that all that remained for them to do was to bring him home to die. Care might prolong his days, although it could not restore his health. The mournful pleasure of watching over him during his decline, of administering to his comfort, of soothing his pains, and of feeling that while the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day, was yet theirs. They were cheered too by his humble piety, his animated hope, his devout submission. He was ready and willing to depart. Life had been joyous, but death was not gloomy. He enjoyed communion with the Father through the Son, and he had the influences of the Spirit, comforting, animating, elevating him above the world. All that was bright, and glorious, and beautiful in creation, became to him types and shadows of the glories of the unseen and invisible world; all the relations of life were sanctified to him by the assurance that they would be refined, purified, elevated and perpetuated in the better land. The grief felt for such a loss was deep but not bitter.

These parents mourned not as those who mourn without hope. They reaped as they had sowed. They had sown a most abundant spiritual harvest, and bountifully had they gathered; they had forgotten to prop the earthly tabernacle, and they saw the frail tenement early decay.

Yet, had early piety been necessarily connected with a speedy removal, they had chosen the better part. Far easier had it been for such parents to lay an only child in an early grave, than to follow him through a life of iniquity, and to feel as he closed their dying eyes, that if they opened upon him in the morning of the resurrection, it would be but to behold the commencement of the eternal agony of a lost soul.

[Written for Mr. F. McComber.]

WEEP NOT FOR THE LOVED ONE.

Weep not for the loved one, whose spirit has fled,
Your youthful companion, now lifeless and dead,
Her spirit by angels, was wafted on high,
Then, weep not for her, nor breathe a sad sigh.

Her moments were fleeting, how quickly they passed;
Her time upon earth, did not long with us last;
A few short moments, a swift passing day,
Her troubles were ended, and life passed away.

She's gone to that bourne, whence no traveler returns,
She's left her kind parents, and loved ones to mourn;
She's freed from all care, from trouble and pain—
Then, weep not for her, our loss, is her gain.

No; husband, weep not, for your own gentle bride,
You soon may be called to lie by her side,
If fond hopes have fled, like the mild rays of eve'n,
Meekly submit to the kind will of Heaven.

You'll no more on earth, behold her sweet face,
Nor meet her again with that friendly embrace;
Oh! then be prepared in heaven to meet,
In the bright realms of glory, where joys are complete.

The Cambridge Leather Dresser.

For many years, and many times in a year, I have passed by the shop of a diligent, industrious mechanic, whom I have often seen busy at his trade, with his arms bare, hard at work. His industry and steadiness have been successful, and he has gained a competency. But he still remains wisely devoted to his trade. During the day, you may see him at his work, or chatting with his neighbors. At night he sits down in his little parlor, by his quiet fireside, and enjoys the company of his friends. And he has the most extraordinary collection of friends that any man in New England can boast of. William H. Prescott goes out from Boston, and talks with him about Ferdinand and Isabella. Washington Irving comes from New York, and tells him the story of the wars of Grenada, and the adventurous voyage of Columbus, or the legend of Sleeply Hollow, or the tale of the Broken Heart. George Bancroft sits down with him, and points out on a map the colonies and settlements in America, their circumstances and fates, and gives him the early history of liberty. Jared Sparks comes down from Cambridge, and reads to him the letters of Washington, and makes his heart glow with heroic deeds of that godlike man, for his country. Or if he is in the mood for poetry, his neighbor, W. Allston, the great painter, steps in, and tells him a story—and nobody tells a story so well—or repeats to him lines of poetry. Bryant comes with his sweet wood-notes, which he learned among the green hills of Berkshire. And Richard H. Dana, father and son, come, the one to repeat grave, heart-stirring poetry, the other to speak of his *two years before the mast*. Or, if this mechanic is in a speculative mood, Professor Hitchcock comes to talk to him of all the changes that have befallen the soil of Massachusetts since the flood, or before—or Professor Epsy tries to predict a storm. Nor is his acquaintance confined to his own country. In his grave hours, he sends for Sir John Herschel from across the ocean, and he comes and sits down and discourses eloquently upon the wonders of the vast creation, of all the worlds that are poured upon our sight by the glories of a starry night. Nor is it across the stormy ocean of blue wave alone, that his friends come to visit him—but across the darker and wider ocean of time, come the wise and the good, the eloquent and the witty, and sit down by his table, and discourse with him as long as he wishes to listen. The eloquent, blind old man of Scio, with beard descending to his girdle, still blind, but still eloquent, sits down with him; and as he sang almost three thousand years ago among the Grecian isles, sings the war of Troy, or the wanderings of the sage Ulysses. The poet of the human heart comes from the banks of the Avon, and the poet of Paradise from his small garden-house in Westminster; Burns, from his cottage on the Ayr, and Scott, from his dwelling by the Tweed. In the midst of such friends, our friend the leather dresser lives a happy and respected life, not less respected, and far more happy than if an uneasy ambition had made him a representative in Congress, or a Governor of a State; and the more respected and happy, that he disdains not to labor in an honorable calling.

My young friends, this is no fancy sketch. Many who hear me know as well as I do, Thomas Dowse, of Cambridgeport, and many have seen his choice and beautiful library. But I suppose there is no one here who knows a neighbor of his, who had in his early years the same advantages, but did not improve them—who never gained this love of reading, and who now, in consequence, instead of living this happy and desirable life, wastes his evenings in low company, or taverns, or dozes them away by his own fire. Which of these lives will you lead? They are both open before you.—*Geo. B. Emerson.*

Benevolence of God in Inflicting Punishment.

It is often mentioned as a self-evident proposition, as an axiom of great imprtance, and a fundamental truth, that God *has made no man to be damned.* But the truth or falsehood of this proposition, depends entirely on the sense of it. Doubtless God made every man with some definite design, and for some determinate end. And if he did not make any man with a design that he should be damned, he made him with a design that he should not be damned. Therefore either all men are finally saved, or else the design of God in the creation of some men is frustrated, and he fails of the end at which he aimed, and which he intended to accomplish. None, it is presumed, will assert the latter, and none but Universalists the former. Yet it is frequently maintained by those who are not Universalists, that *God has made no man to be damned.*

Will it not be allowed that God has made some men to have the tooth-ache, others to have the small-pox, others to have the yellow fever, and others to have the plague? Will it be denied that God made all men to die; some to die in battle, others to be drowned, others to be consumed in their own houses, others to be tortured to death by savages. If these things will not be denied, where is the absurdity of supposing that God has made some to suffer the pains of hell? If, indeed, the pains of hell be not deserved by any man, we may boldly assert that God, who is perfectly just has made no man to suffer these pains. But allowing that any do deserve them, by what argument shall we prove that God has not made some men to suffer them, in the same sense that he has made some to die with the yellow fever, to be drowned, or to be burnt to death?

It is granted, that to have the yellow fever, to be drowned, and to be consumed is not the ultimate end of any man's creation. The yellow fever, and all diseases and death, are designed ultimately to subserve the divine glory and the good of the creation. Just so with regard to damnation; it will never be inflicted on any man, but with an ultimate design to subserve the same important end.

If, therefore, when it is asserted that God never made any man to be damned, the meaning be, that God never made any man with an ultimate view to his damnation, this is granted; but if the meaning be, that God never made any man with a design that, in consequence of his own sin and desert of damnation, he should suffer it, and thereby promote the general good and the divine glory; this is as false as to assert that God never made any man with a design that he should have the yellow fever, and therby promote the general good and the divine glory.

Some seem to imagine that if God damn any man, he does it from a malicious disposition, such a disposition as men are apt to indulge in revenging the injuries which they have received. And on this ground they argue in favor of universal salvation. They say that God is good, and it is absurd to suppose that he is malicious, and disposed to revenge himself on his creatures; and therefore it is absurd to suppose that he damns them.

That it is absurd to suppose that God is in the least degree malicious or revengeful, in the sense in which that word is commonly used among men, is granted; but that the damnation of a sinner implies malice or a revengeful spirit, is not granted. It no more implies such a spirit than those dispensations of providence, by which the yellow fever, or any pestilence, or death in any form is brought on men. We might just as well argue, that because God it good and not disposed to malice and revenge, therefore it is absurd to suppose that he sends the yellow fever, or any how kills men. It must be granted by all who believe the existence and perfection of God, that whenever he sends on his creatures any calamity, sickness, or death, he does it from the purest goodness and benevolence, to the system of intelligences. On the same principles we have a right to argue, that whenever he inflicts damnation on creatures, he is actuated by the same goodness and benevolence.

Is it to be supposed that when a judge of established justice and goodness condemns a murderer to the gibbit, he is actuated by malice and revenge? It will be granted that he may be actuated by the most entire benevolence to his country and the citizens in general. Therefore, certainly the judge of all the earth, who will do right, may, in condemning a creature to any just punishment, be actuated by an entire benevolence to his creatures in general. —*Dr. Edwards.*

A Good Wife.

Sir James McIntosh thus beautifully describes, in a letter to a friend, the character of his deceased wife. It contains one of the most interesting exhibitions of female influence we have ever met with. If there were more such wives, there would be less domestic sorrow.

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, and after eight years of struggling and distress had bound us fast to each other—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor—I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had a prospect of sharing my better days.

The philosophy which I have learnt, only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion, which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted."

Christian Soldiers.

Christian Soldiers are called to fight in a two-fold capacity, first, in the cause of their beloved Master, and second, against an open physical enemy. The London Daily *News*, a secular paper, in speaking of Gen. Havelock, thus alludes to him and other godly men, who have fought with such distinguished heroism in India. It remarks:

"We shall not be ashamed to confess that to our minds a still more hopeful assurance of sustaining power under the enormous difficulties that press upon our gallant countrymen in the East, is that God-fearing, semi-Puritan Christianity, which is well known in India to distinguish many of the most eminent men to whom the safety of the Indian empire is now entrusted. We shall not be suspected of any partiality for Puritanism. But for the thing itself, of which the formal creed is the mere outward expression—for that stern spirit of self-denial—that habitual refernce to loftier motives and eternal sanctions which, under the various names of Stocism, Asceticism and Puritanism, has, in different stages of society, animated with a kindred spirit some of the bravest and best of the sons of men—for this spirit we have an eminent respect, especially in times of difficulty and danger. We implicitly believe that none fear men less than those who fear God most. No soldiers have ever shown themselves more invincible than those who can pray as well as fight; nor have any swords proved more resistless than those weilded by the right hands that know their way through dog's-eared Bibles. There is no mystery about the matter. He who lives for another world is not careful to win or to keep this. We need only instance the gallant Havelock, a man whose character for his courage and ability is not more firmly fixed among his colleagues, than his reputation for his 'most decided view,' in the Low Church sense of that phrase, is current in Anglo Indian society. This is evidently a Christian warrior of the right creed—a man of cool head and resolute heart, who has learnt that religion of war is to strike home and hard, with a single eye to God and his country."

The Fruits of Rome.

Then Pere Silas showed me the fair side of Rome, her good works, and bade me judge the tree by its fruits.

In answer, I felt and I avowed that these works were *not* the fruits of Rome; they were not her abundant blossoming, but the fair promise she showed the world. That bloom, when set, savored not of charity; the apple full formed was ignorance, abasement, and bigotry. Out of men's afflictions and affections were forged the rivets of their servitude. Poverty was fed and clothed, and sheltered, to bind it by obligation to "the Church;" orphanage was reared and educated that it might grow up in the fold of "the Church;" sickness was tended that it might die after the formula and in the ordinance of "the Church;" and men were over-wrought, and women most murderously sacrificed, and all laid down a world God made pleasant for his creatures' good, and took up a cross, monstrous in its galling weight, that they might serve Rome, prove her sanctity, confirm her power, and spread the reign of her tyrant "Church."

It will not be. God is not with Rome, and, were the man of sorrows still on the earth, would He not mourn over her cruelties and ambitions, as He mourned over the crimes and woes of doomed Jerusalem!

O, lovers of power! Oh, mitred aspirants for this world's kingdom! an hour will come, even to you, when it will be well for your hearts—pausing faint at each broken beat—that there is a Mercy beyond human compassions, a Love stronger than this strong death which even you must face, and before it fall; a Charity more potent than any sin, even yours; a Pity which redeems worlds—nay, absolves Priests.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Close of the Week.

A week! It is but a short time indeed, but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just about to close brought joy?—to whom sorrow?—to whom riches?—to whom poverty?—to whom enemies?—to whom love?—to whom hatred?—to whom misery?—to whom happiness?—to whom sickness?—to whom health?—to whom life?—or, to whom DEATH? What! all these in *one week?* Yes, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who saw the dawning of the present week, will be in another world before it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the unruffled sea of happiness, a week ago, are now the wrecks of ruin on the shores affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have, ere this time, met with some misfortune, and are turned upon the world, the children of poverty; and many whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth bright and prosperous at the dawn of the week, find themselves at the close the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment.

And such is the fate of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay, even an hour. The world is still in commotion, revolution succeeding revolution; time whirling in its rapid progress, leaving behind its trace of destruction. And even in a small community many thrilling and exciting circumstances might be summed up and recorded at the close of each week.

Our Advocate.

"In a few moments I'll have to advocate my cause before your throne." So said a malefactor but a few moments before his execution, while asking for mercy from his God. We could not criticize the religious opinions of a criminal, whose fate has awakened the symphathy of many who never knew him; still we can but say a few words on the subject, suggested under the awful solemnities which surruonded the speaker, when utterance was given to the sentiment which we have quoted.

Poor Donnell seemed to feel that he was passing from an earthly tribunal to another, where his case would be re-heard. And so he was; and before that very tribunal every other poor sinner must also stand. The question then is, How shall we there appear? As our own Advocate, to plead our own cause? Nay, for "every mouth shall be stopped, and the whole world shall become guilty before God."

The Apostle John tells us, (1 John 2: 1;) "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

The fact that there is an Advocate, implies the necessity for one. As the inscription upon so many door-posts in our crowded city, indicating that legal advice and advocacy may be had, tells the passer-by that such advice and advocacy is often needed, so the revelation of Jesus as our Advocate loudly proclaims our own helplessness, and the need of one who shall appear in the presence of God for us. Yes, we poor sinners need One who understands our case—our ill deserts, and the demands of the law by which we are condemned—to plead in our behalf.

And such an one we have in the ever blessed Jesus. But for whom does he plead? Only for those who believe on him. His services are without money and without price, but not, as pearls cast before swine, to be trodden under foot and despised. If any turn from him, and persistently refuse the kind offer of his advocacy, they may go their own way, and Christ will go his way.

And how well qualified is Jesus for this work. He is righteous. His righteousness is inherent and innate. Though born of a woman, yet he was ever without sin. He is also righteous in the eye of the law, whereby we are justly condemned. That law he fulfilled in its spirit, and to the letter. Hence he can admit its demands and justify its terrible sanction, and ask for mercy in the believing sinner's behalf.

No poor sinner then need perish. No, none; for if we will but go to Jesus, he will plead our cause, and we shall find acceptance.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

The Rainbow.

The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain aerial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds.

Milton, in his pastoral drama of Comus, thus alludes to this Platonic idea;

"I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play in th' plighted clouds."

Shakspeare is the only writer who has alluded to the colors which are reflected on the eye when suffused with tears The rainbow, which not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive anything more grand than the appearance of this arch when its points rest upon the sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitous mountains. The Scandinavians believed it to connect earth with heaven, and gave it for a guardian a being called Heimdaller. It is impossible to see a rainbow without feeling admiration towards the power that forms it. One of the glories which are said to surround the throne of heaven is a rainbow like an emerald. In the Apocalyse it is described as encircling the head of an angel: in Ezekiel, the four cherubims are compared to a cloud arched with it.

Calling Things by Right Names.

Augustus Hare, in a sermon entitled, "The Foolish Mockers," from the text, "Fools make a mock of sin," says there is a "mocking at sin" in other ways than is generally supposed. His own words are, "When any of us employ any of those little winning phrases, under which people are so fond of disguising broad and open crimes, when we use any of those gentle names for sins, which the world has cunningly substituted for the plainness of Christian language, are we not ourselves guilty of something like the same offense? This is a matter which people ought to consider more seriously than they do, seeing that names go so far in governing the world. If a lie were always called a lie and nothing else, if whoredom and adultery were always called whoredom and adultery and nothing else, we should have much fewer liars, fewer thieves, fewer whoremongers and adulterers, than are now seen walking about, lifting their heads without shame in the light of the sun. For in that case, the sin would be ever set before us in its naked hideousness and horror; and the imagination and the conscience would start from a sight so frightful and revolting. But wrap up the same crime in a soft, unmeaning phrase, so that the ear shall not be shocked, nor the conscience seared, call a lie a story or a fib, and they who are tempted, too readily fancy there can be no great harm in that of which the world speaks so mildly and indulgently.

We agree most heartily with the above extract. Yet we fear we do not always practice it. We doubt whether we should have had the boldness to write the above ourselves. But having been preached in a parish church in England, we publish it, and believe it to be true. We make light of sin, which we call sin by light names. Of a man who is guilty of every vileness under heaven save such as would send him to the penitentiary, we say, "he is dissipated;" of a man who makes a beast of himself by drunkeness, we say he is "tight" or "fresh" or something of the kind. We find the following one of our English papers, bearing on this:

"At the late Stafford Assizes, one of the witnesses having said the prisoner was 'fresh' i. e., drunk, Baron Bramwell exclaimed, 'Why do you use such a respectable, agreeable word as 'fresh' to describe such a beastly habit as drunkenness? It would be better to say stale, or stinking, or filthy, than such a word as 'fresh.'"

We believe the habit of calling sins by their right names, would do something to stop sin. At any rate, Christians should imitate the Word of God, in its directness and boldness, when *called* upon to express an opinion.—*Southern Churchman.*

Remorse as an Executioner.

Mr. De Quincey, in one of the volumes of his literary reminiscences, thus speaks of a duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara.

"The Colonel, as is known, a very elegant and generous young man, fell; and Captain Macnamara had thenceforward a worm at his heart, whose gnawning never died. He was a post-captain; and my brother afterwards sailed with him in the quality of midshipman. From him I have ofter heard affecting instances of the degree in which the pangs of remorse had availed to make one of the bravest men in the service a mere panic-haunted, and, in a moral sense, almost a paralytic wreck. He, that whilst his hand was unstained with blood would have faced an army of fiends in discharge of his duty, now fancied danger in every common rocking of a boat; he made himself, at times, the subject of laughter at the messes of the junior and more thoughtless officers; and his hand, whenever he had occasion to handle the spy-class, shook (to use the common image) or rather shivered, like an aspen tree."

We find a still more striking instance in a treatise by Mr. Guillon:

"The Chevaliar de S—— had been engaged in seventeen 'affairs of honor,' in each of which his adversary fell. But the images of his murdered rivals began to haunt him night and day; and at length he fancied he heard nothing but the wailings and upbraiding of seventeen families—one demanding a father, another a son, another a brother, another a husband, &c. Harrassed by these imaginary followers, he incarcerated himself in the monastery of La Trappe; but the French Revolution threw open this asylum, and turned the Chevalier once more into the world. He was now no longer able to bear the remorse of his own conscience, or, as he imagined, the sight of seventeen murdered men, and therefore put himself to death. If is evident that the insanity was the consequence of the remorse, and the suicide."

Conscience, in fact, has the functions of an executioner, as well as of a judge. He who sins, finds afterwards in the remorses of his soul, or the wretchedness of his body, the penalty of his transgression. Do we not find in this a strong proof that there is the power of law executing vested in Him who made the conscience, as well as the power of law making? "He that made the ear, shall he not hear; He that made the eye, shall he not see?" He that made the conscience, shall He not judge and punish?—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A Female Bear Hunter.

A work on "Oriental and Western Liberia," has just been published in London, some extracts from which, and among others the following, appearing in the London *Athenæum*. The people there are mighty hunters, but mightiest among them was Anna Petrovnaia, the scourge of bears—young, slim, firm-footed, pretty, powerful and active. In girlhood she had sallied out to emulate her brothers, and bring home a bear-skin. It was the practice of the Amazon to trace the terrible game herself, and once, hearing that a huge black bear had been seen in a neighboring forest, she rose before dawn, rode thereto, and dismounted, and found his trail;

There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his tract being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a bloodhound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bag, sat down by a small stream, and made her breakfast on a piece of rye bread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle, and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fennel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond.

While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well known to hunters, assured her that the long-sought-for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward out rushed the bear with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on her knee and got a good sight, the animal staring at her, almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, then followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead! After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance; for she had been brought back nearly to the spot where she commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished her family on her entrance to the cottage, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since this time, Anna Petrovnaia has engaged with and killed *sixteen bears.*"

The Weekly Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1858.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.—Will hold a semi-Annual Meeting in the CITY OF SONORA, on April 7, at 9 o'clock, A. M. The Sermon before the Association will be delivered by Rev. M. KELLOGG, of Grass Valley, on he evening of the same day.

J. H. WARREN, Register.

Nevada, March 10, 1858.

NOTICE.—The Presbytery of San José will hold its next regular meeting in the Alameda Presbyterian Church, at Centreville, Alameda Co. on Tuesday March 23th, at 11 o'clock A. M. at which time the opening sermon will be preached by the Moderator, Rev. A. F. White, of Gilroy.

The attention of the Presbytery, as also of the congregation, where the meeting is to be held, is called to the following standing rules adopted at the last meeting of Presbytery.

1. Presbytery shall meet quarterly, in turn, at the various churches; having in view, chiefly, the awakening of a deeper religious interest among the professed followers of Christ, and the conversion of souls.

2. To this end it shall be our custom to employ the forenoons only for business; the afternoons for prayer, religious conversation and visiting from house to house, and the evenings for preaching.

3. It shall be the duty of each minister connected with this Presbytery to come to each meeting prepared to preach as often during the week as Presbytery and people may desire.

ELI COWAN, Stated Clerk.

THE SPIRIT IN THE STEAD OF CHRIST.

The language of Christ in the last chapters of John, which have been called "the Holy Place of the New Testament," leave it plainly to be inferred that the presence of the Spirit, the Comforter whom if he went away, he would send, would be a richer blessing to the world and to his individual disciples than his own prolonged presence would be. There are many reasons why this is so. Christ could be in bodily presence only in one place at a time; and when he had fully accomplished his work of teaching and suffering, it was better that that Spirit whose presence produced the Day of Pentecost should go with the older and the new disciples, as they were thenceforth to be scattered over all the world. Again, there is often an unsatisfactoriness incident to being in the bodily presence of those whom we greatly revere, and doubtless it was so between Christ and the disciples. Even he was not all to them that the divine presence overshadowing and pervading the soul, might make itself without the intervention of bodily form. And again, the presence of Christ bodily might rather hinder than promote the fulfilment of that work which his disciples were commissioned to accomplish, being sent into all the world with the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." Not at Jerusalem are they to find him, but in their own hearts, everywhere while they are engaged in doing his will. But it is not our purpose to go extensively into the reasons which render the presence of the Spirit even more desirable than that of the continued bodily presence of the Saviour, but only to note the fact and state the responsibility which follows from that fact, viz: men are under just as great obligations to repent and believe as though they saw Christ personally; and Christians and the church under obligation to improve under the ordinances of the gospel and the various means of grace accompanied by the Spirit, as rapidly and as far as if they enjoyed the personal ministry of their Master. And they receive the same abundance of consolations.

The religious history of the world proves that what we have assumed is strictly true. Men have ever been convinced of sin as effectually, as deeply and in as great numbers as when Christ preached. The instances of conviction and conversion recorded in those wonderful annals, the Acts of the Apostles, were under the dispensation of the Spirit and are not surpassed by anything in the life of Christ. Pentecost was the work of the Spirit. In all ages of the world, down to this day, wherever and whenever the Spirit of God was poured out in any given place and in connection with the pious labors of any man or men, like Whitfield, Edwards, Summerfield or Nettleton or Finney, the same interest was excited, and multitudes drawn together and moved, as when the Saviour gathered his throngs in Galilee. The additional power of miracles in his ministrations, added to the grace of his lips and the purity of his life, scarcely drew together greater crowds or stirred their hearts more deeply. And have not multitudes of sin-conscious souls found as perfect assurance of pardon through the witnessing of the Spirit as those to whom Christ himself said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee?" And has not many a toilsome, secluded missionary found entire satisfaction in the presence of Christ through the Spirit? And have not the dying, by the same presence, rested as completely as John, his head on the bosom of Jesus, or been borne up in the waves as perfectly as Peter was? And so has not many a beautiful character been shaped through the working of that divine presence, until it was quite as consistent and perfect as were the characters of the apostles? And so we do not doubt that many churches to whom the word has been faithfully administered by true men have grown in grace, it may be as rapidly under the dispensation of the Spirit as they would have done without this under the influence of the personal presence of the Saviour. And others and all may do the same, and *it is their duty*.

We are too skeptical concerning the power of the Spirit of God in the church. It is a great power ever at work among the spiritual elements of the world. It is transforming men, communities, kingdoms, the world. It is preparing the earth for a new coming of its king. It is gradually bringing all things into subjection to Christ. A power unseen save in its results—uncounted by statesmen and legislators, it is vaster and grander than all human power, stronger than national strength, as beneficent as it is strong, subduing by elevating men; overcoming their ignorance, superstition and worldliness, and almost insensibly to themselves, giving them a new nature and a new life. Oh! blessed Spirit of God! work on, sustaining and giving prevalence and triumph to all truth and righteousness.

MISSIONS IN THE PACIFIC.—By a private letter from Honolulu, we learn that the *Morning Star* had returned from a prosperous visit to Micronesia, and was soon to sail again to the Marquesas. Two or three native helpers will go in her to that mission. Mr. Bicknell, who formerly passed three or four years at the Marquesas, has been ordained, and will return in the *Morning Star* as a Missionary, under the patronage of the Hawaiian Missionary Society.

MR. GONSALVES' LECTURE.—On Tuesday evening, Rev. Mr. Gonsalves delivered a very interesting lecture at Musical Hall, on Spain, its inhabitants, customs, &c. No one in the State is better, or perhaps so well qualified to impart information upon any subject relating to Spain and its civil or religious history. Mr. Gonsalves is a pleasing and impressive speaker. He is faithfully laboring as an Evangelist in this city, devoting to this self-denying work talents of a high order, and a thorough education. Both in his incessant private labors, and as a public speaker, he must be very useful among us. At the close of the lecture on Tuesday evening, Professor Ferrar, who had kindly volunteered his services, executed a few pieces on the guitar with exquisite skill, and most happy effect.

THE RAILROAD HOUSE.—We are happy to see that our old friend, Mr. Armstrong, has taken this house, and will henceforth keep it. It is admirably located and convenient. Mr. Armstrong was formerly of the St. Nicholas Hotel in this city, and previous to that, of the U. S. Hotel, Marysville. Under his popular management, we believe that the Railroad will rank as a first-class hotel, for as such he will keep it.

DEBTS THAT ARE MOST SACRED.

To fail in the discharge of obligations incurred through kindness is a hundred fold more discreditable than merely to fail of discharging ordinary business obligations. Ingratitude is added to whatever of blame there may be beside. The encouragements and misfortunes incident to the peopling of California have given rise to numberless instances of obligations incurred on the score of friendship, and we are sorry to add, violated in thousands of instances. Indeed, we are constrained to believe that the violations of such obligations created by kindness and dependent upon honor and gratitude are far more frequent in the history of California than their opposite. Men cannot be considerate of the turpitude and baseness of such conduct; for if only half of the business debts created by any trading firm should prove losses it would be impossible that business could proceed. But while men pay debts which they must, they frequently avoid debts of honor which they can escape. They will receive aid in reaching this land where their fortunes are supposed to await them, and in days of prosperity quite forget to restore the money which they borrowed. Or having arrived on these shores in destitution, they apply to some friend for help to reach the mines—and when years have passed they are heard of, having returned it may be to their homes in prosperity, quite oblivious of the debt of honor a thousand times more sacred than any debt contracted for mercantile gain, but sad to say, far more likely to be evaded or forgotten. Many instances of this sort of which we have known or have heard, are recalled; the commonness of their occurrence must quite discourage the generosity of those who prefer to aid rather than refuse the deserving.

A gentleman who came from Maine to this city and has accumulated wealth, recalls about twenty cases in which he has assisted men from his State who were needy, to the extent in each case of $100 and upwards. Many of these were aided to reach the mines. Several were prospered and returned to the East, but of the whole number only two have made any return of the money loaned them in their need. "Were there not ten cleansed? where are the nine?" Such things are mean and shameful. Cases like the above might be gathered up by thousands. It were not a pleasant task to collect them.

But happily there are some experiences of an opposite nature exhibiting truth and honor as sentiments still preserving their hold of very many minds among us. It occurred to us not long since to have handed to us a considerable sum of money, with a request to convey it to a friend in the East, the payment in part of money loaned years since in friendship and kindness, and for which no written obligation was then given. Such instances shine forth in the midst of the multitude of a different sort. Men will not be the poorer for discharging rather than ignoring such debts. They shall stand up as men in the world, while the other kind are counterfeit however brazen.

Gambling—Its temptations for Men of Intellect.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* lately described the gambling houses of Washington as a feature of life in that city. On Pennsylvania avenue alone, the thronged thoroughfare of the city, there are seventeen gambling houses, some of them frequented by Senators, Members of Congress, and their friends. The same writer says:

"Seventeen gambling houses on Pennsylvania avenue! How many bright intellects have been blighted, and how many homes made desolate by these hells! And why do they flourish so rankly in Washington? Is it because there is no law to prevent it? Or because no law can be made to prevent it? Not so; the melancholy fact is that while there is a law, the law-makers themselves violate it, and their example is powerful. It is a curious fact for the consideration of such as study the philosophy of human nature, that the vice of gambling flourishes most in a community like Washington, where there is the most intellect. The strongest minds often, except when well regulated by education and discipline, crave for such excitements as gambling or liquor affords. How many sad examples have we had among the first men of our country! One, perhaps the saddest of all, was but recently brought before our notice in the case of a Senator of the United States."

It is only too true that gambling flourishes where there is intellect. The prospects of some of our own brightest, most promising men, have been blighted by gambling. Legislators, judges, leading lawyers, are addicted to the *vice*, for we cannot be true and use any milder term. The N. Y. *Evangelist* says that "Human invention, seeking a word to describe the gambler's resort, cannot find one on earth black enough, and is forced to take one from the regions of the lost, and throughout the world it is known as HELL." The late Chief Justice of this State, a man of fine promise, was dragged down by this fault, coupled with others which almost always accompany it.

We have in mind a legislator, who, some years since, was in the enjoyment of a fine income as a lawyer, and was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but who wrecked fortune and character together, and ruined friends, by gambling. Some of our finest lawyers in this city: some whose pleas have thrilled juries, and whose addresses have delighted multitudes, are known to be thus addicted. No slight stimulant suffices for such minds. If not regulated, we will not say merely "by education and discipline," but preserved by religious principles also, such are in great danger of a habit which has not a single justification, and which results in no possible good, but is evil, and only evil.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.—A new enterprise of the Episcopal church has been commenced in this city, services being held every Sabbath afternoon in the Howard Presbyterian church, the use of which, at that hour, has been courteously granted. Bishop Kip and Rev. Mr. Ewer, preach on alternate Sabbaths. A church has been organized. The movement is understood to include those who desire to be connected here with an Evangelical Episcopal church in distinction from the High church Episcopalians. The sentiments of the Bishop are understood to be friendly towards that portion of the church, although his position as Missionary would forbid and render undesirable a partisan attitude—as regards either branch of his church.

TO BE ABSENT.—Rev. Dr. Scott announced last Sabbath his intention to leave on a visit to the East by the steamer of the 5th of April. A leading object of his visit is to attend the meeting of the General Assembly of the old school Presbyterian Church. He is expected to be absent about three months.

KANSAS RESOLUTIONS.—The debate in the Senate on the Kansas resolutions appears to have been the most able debate of the session. The speech of Mr. Bell on the occasion is admitted to have been very able and eloquent.

SIGNIFICANT.—Immediately after the failure of the scheme in the legislature to secure a Constitutional Convention notwithstanding the adverse decision of the people, a prominent advocate of that measure moved towards the direct introduction of slavery into the State.

VISIT OF CALHOUN'S WIDOW TO HIS TOMB.—The venerable widow of the immortal Calhoun visited the tomb of her husband, on Sunday last at St. Phillip's Church, after the congregation dispersed, accompanied by one of the elder members of the church and vestry and two ladies. The visit was affecting—the widow never having been in the city since the demise of her illustrious husband—and her simple and unaffected exclaimation of, "And is this the tomb of *my husband?*" brought tears to the eyes of those who accompanied her, while her own were streaming with recollections of the past, and a cheerful hope of a happy meeting in "the better land." From the grave-yard, the widow then visited the statue, at the City Hall; and after contemplating it in all its bearings, in melancholy silence, pronounced it a *very good likeness.—Charleston Evening News.*

OUR MISREPRESENTATIVES.—One of the most offensive arguments that we have recently heard, was a serious attempt to make out that the Legislature of California fairly represents the character of the State. Were we compelled to admit to ourselves the truthfulness of this argument, we should turn away quite in despair of the future prospects of our beloved State. Legislatures never represent States. There is more virtue in the land than is represented in the habits prevalent at the several capitals; there is more truth than appears in the game of politics. If not, what would become of our country? So corrupting is the atmosphere of capitals, that a constant fresh influx from the body of the people, alone saves them from utter pollution. We have some excellent and noble representatives at Sacramento, yet we are happy to believe that the Legislature, as a whole, does not represent the State in respect to moral character. In regard to the opinions and sentiments of this people, they are confessedly far from those which have been manifested by the present Legislature. Upon the Vigilance Committee question, every one knows that the sentiment of the State has been, and is, overwhelmingly favorable to the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, which accomplished so noble a work for this city—and that the Democratic party, at no convention or election, has dared to make an issue upon this question; yet a stranger, reading the debates on the bill of which Lee was the immortal author, and the memorable Judge Stakes the advocate, would infer that the State was boiling over with indignation, and "weeping" with sorrow, over the crimes and present condition of San Francisco. As another evidence of the position of this *representative* body as regards the people at large, we quote the following from the Grass Valley *Telegraph*:

"As near as we can make out, there are twenty-six acknowledged Democratic papers published in California—*twenty-one* of which side with Douglass, and *four* or probably *five* with Mr. Buchanan. Every opposition paper in this State has spoken decidedly against the position of the President on the Lecompton constitution, as is also the case with every independent journal which has expressed any opinion whatever with regard to it. The case stands, say *five* papers for, to upwards of sixty papers against the measure, while the disparity against it is even greater among the masses of the people—and yet our Legislative Solons, at the Capital, are so bound down by partyism, or some other ignoble power, as to deliberately say to the National Congress that the State of California sympathises with the President in his efforts to *force* the Lecompton Constitution upon the people of Kansas, whether they wish it or not! Was ever there a more monstrous perversion of truth? It is to be hoped that our delegation at Washington will treat these resolutions with the contempt they deserve, and thereby secure for themselves the thanks of every Democrat in California (to say nothing of others) who does not have some distant expectation of receiving an official appointment at the hands of the President or some of his creatures."

CORRECTION.

BRO. EDITOR:—Since my part of our editorial responsibilities can be discharged only under great disadvantages, away from the conveniences of home and a quiet studio well supplied with books, periodicals, pens, ink and paper, and where necessity requires my catching spare moments at odd times, in bar-rooms, rough cabins, or the shade of a tree, often with poor pen, bad ink, soiled paper, and any kind of singular writing table, it is not strange that now and then you or the printer should mis-read my writing and publish a wrong word, spoiling the best of many poor ideas. But in my last, on the Big Trees, it seemed most too bad that at the beginning of the rythmic sketch, the first ever perpetrated in public, I should be left guilty of a phrase mean even in prose, much more in an attempt at poetry, which was bad enough without a mis-print. The second line you have

"Remnants of days past untold."

Here both the sense and rythm are unbearably bad. It should be

"Remnants of ages past untold."

We remember once hearing a teacher in rhetoric remark: "Be sure, young friends, in everything you ever write or say that the beginning and close are good, especially the beginning; no matter about the middle. If you start right and stop right, your are sure to meet the public approval, for men will not trouble themselves about the filling up." The old teacher's advice here did certainly begin well though it may be questionable if it closed so. For surely the beginning and close of a speech or written article should be good, while also the filling up should be as good as it can be. Now when the middle of the poetry, yes and the whole of it also, was as good as ability would admit of its being, it did seem too bad that the beginning should be so printed as to be the worst of all.

Yours truly, with the purpose to write plainer.

S. V.

INSTALLATION OF REV. MR. HUNT AT ITHACA, N. Y.—The N. Y. *Evangelist* contains the following account of the installation of Mr. Hunt, late of San Francisco, as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ithaca:

An able and appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. G. W. Heacock, D. D., of Buffalo.

Rev. Wm. Wisner, D. D., charged the pastor, and Rev. W. N. McHarg the people. These both having been predecessors of Mr. Hunt in the same pulpit, some very interesting reminiscences were awakened by their remarks.

The venerable Dr. Wisner rising in the pulpit of the spacious and elegant church, said, "Forty-one years ago I was installed over the parents and grandparents of this audience in the *ballroom* of the Ithaca Hotel. This is the forth occasion of the kind in which I have participated in this congregation, and it is highly probable—indeed it is to be hoped that it is the last." His modesty prevented his saying what most present knew, that a large portion of that flock were his own spiritual children, and it was affecting to note the earnest paternal solicitude and deep unction with which he committed them to the charge of his younger brother.

Mr. McHarg to the deep regret of the congregation had been compelled by failing health to seek a dismission within the past year, and having been denied the privilege of preaching a farewell discourse, embraced the opportunity to add to an impressive charge a few parting words, beautifully tender and touching.

The chaste and effective music of the choir aided to sustain the interest which was deep and earnest throughout.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVIVAL AT PETALUMA.—Concerning the meetings held in the Methodist church at Petaluma a gentleman writes us, March 9th, as follows: "The people have had a very interesting series of meetings, continuing for the past thirty days, and last evening their church was again crowded. In the midst of the meetings it was deemed advisable to enlarge the house of worship. The addition of twenty-one feet to the length of the building was completed within one day and the necessary expense promptly paid. I learn from the pastor that there have been seventy hopeful conversions, among them many heads of families. Members of the various churches have engaged in the meetings and been blessed by this manifestation of God's special presence. Religion has been a common subject of conversation in the street, and even in the hotel. May the good work continue and many more be led into the fold of the Good Shepherd." A. E.

MOONY FLAT.—We have now plenty of water on this Flat, at thirty-seven and a half cents per inch, and the "flumes are doing a smashing business," running day and night. James Dallas & Co. are taking out from seventy-five to one hundred ounces a week and all others are doing well. If any miners ought to do well those of Moony Flat deserve success. The expense and labor in getting in through the ledge have been very great.

I am happy to inform you that the people and miners of the Flat have lately had the privilege (so long denied them) of having the gospel expounded by one of God's noble servants who labors in the cause with assiduity. I am sorry to be forced to add that while the preacher was singing, praying and preaching the Word in one room, the *Devil* was revelling with his victims in an adjoining room. Yet the truth must triumph. Yours, D. C.

The *Times* Paris correspondent learns that per mission has been given for the whole of the exiled Generals to return to France without condition of any kind.

Official accounts leave no doubt that several thousand perished by the earthquake which occurred throughout the kingdom of Naples, Dec. 17th, and some estimates reach as high as 10,000 to 20,000.

"THE HEAVENS ARE THE LORD'S; BUT THE EARTH HATH HE GIVEN TO THE CHILDREN OF MEN." A glorious gift even with all the defilements that men have put upon it. My window looks out amid the branches of a poplar tree, and I love to note from day to day, the progress of its vital forces. A few weeks ago the buds were closely folded on the bark, and looked like dark excrescences, blistering and roughening the smooth stems and twigs. With keen delight I observed their first perceptible swelling, and each succeeding day has renewed the joy. The storms have swept through the swaying branches, and the sunlight has folded its warmth about them, and the mysterious forces of nature have pushed outward until the branches were strong with brown and shining beads—until the brown husks have been rent asunder, and hang in rough burrs and ragged patches—not half concealing the delicate green of the coming leaves. This tree has been to me a silent teacher—almost a blessed evangel—and as I watch the miracle now passing upon it, my heart leaps out in gratitude to God, and my lips murmer, "The earth hath he given to the children of men." A hundred men pass under this tree each day, yet scarcely any think of the effort of divine goodness working there; not one, of the lesson it is teaching a human heart. I saw its leaves changing, withering, falling, with autumn frosts and winter storms, and read in each rustling leaf-fall a lesson of human frality—felt with livelier force that all things born of earth are born to die. Now I behold in its timely renewal a living, a beautiful promise of a resurrection time for man. I cannot believe that he whose power and goodness have brought again the pulses of life to the slumbering plant, will not provide a spring time and new life for his best and greatest creation; though the grave may have held its winter there through many slow turning centuries.

But not alone as a type of the promised resurrection has this tree a lesson and a prophesy. I behold in it an emblem of moral and spiritual powers working in the soul of man. What the unseen forces of nature are to the tree—working through every fibre of its organization, expanding, extending, renewing—such to the human soul is the leaven of true religion; "Christ in us the hope of glory." To the tree, the frosts and storms and sunshine are co-operative causes, or rather the conditions needful for the development of the germinal, reproductive power. So also to the soul struggling outward and upward for a light and a goodness not in itself, are the disappointments and sorrows incident to life; they are the soul's frosts, the soul's storms and God's great goodness; is it not the soul's eternal sunshine? The desire for holiness may have been planted in the heart, and yet for years the man's life may be as unpromising as the winter-stripped tree—leafless, fruitless, for all outward appearance, lifeless—having "neither beauty nor comeliness that they should be desired." But that desire is in itself the guarantee of its own gratification, and its vitalizing power will at last appear. It may be that the storm and the tempest must first co-operate, but the result is sure. As the husks and envelops about the bud, so the cares and pleasures and pride of life may fold about the soul like a casing of brass; but that still unyielding, unremitting pressure from *within* will burst them off at length, and then the man puts forth newer and purer affections, higher purposes, nobler energies, better examples, and stretches in joyous freedom outward and upward to the unseen and the eternal: even as my tree will wave its rustling banners nearer heaven and spread wider its refreshing shadow with each passing year, until its limit is reached, and it rejoices in perfect maturity. And here all similitude must cease, for the renewed soul can have no limit, no perfect maturity; its outreaching is evermore toward the *infinite*.

SACRAMENTO, March 11th, 1858. P.

"I AM THINE."

There are few if any expressions in the scriptures that express a more filial spirit than this with which the Psalmist accompanies a petition to the Lord. It is akin to that other expression—"Our Father"—and it arises from the same reflections and is accompanied by the same tender emotions. Uttered by the soul in its nearest approach to the Lord, when it comes with the sincerest desire of entire consecration it is one of the most natural and simple arguments that would spring from a child-like faith.

"I am thine" for thou, Lord, hast created me, and endowed me with a reasoning mind that shall live as long as thou dost live. Thou hast made me capable of learning more and more of thyself—of seeing the evidences of thy skill and wisdom which are displayed in thy works, and of advancing in the appreciation of thy love. Thou hast made me in thine own image.

"I am thine" by right also of preservation. I cannot prolong my own life for a single moment. My heart may cease to make its pulsations for aught that I can do. The products of the earth upon which I subsist may fail; and I can do nothing towards restoring them without thy aid.

"I am thine;" may it be because I have been redeemed?—rescued from the thraldom of sin? Then will I rejoice in God my Saviour; for thou hast first loved me. Thou hast extended thy arms unto me; invited me; urged me to accept thy love or I would never have come unto thee. I love my own ways too well, and the world too well; I love darkness rather than light. And I!—what am I? that thou shouldest thus regard me. The angels of heaven do always render thee perfect and willing obedience; and why am not I who am so imperfect at best, lost amid the infinitude of thy works? "God so loved the world;" in this expression the mystery is solved. Let me ever praise thee for mercy and redeeming love.

Happy is he whose life is consecrated to the glory of God; who, though he is in the world, is not of the world. Let such rejoice in a hope for the exchange of which all the treasures of the world would not be a comparison. To him the riches of grace are above the riches of earth. The former are sordid, groveling; the latter awaken a thrill of emotion that shall endure when time shall be no more. Upon the earth love, mercy and ministering angels; in heaven redeeming love and the glory of God.

It is of the utmost importance that we entertain "the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father,"—that we aim at entire consecration so as to be in every respect the Lord's. Add yet how many *are content* to live in such a way that they never feel satisfied of their true position. Like the mariner who never takes a reckoning—if such a case is supposable—they never know what is in advance of them. When all seems calmest the shoal and the breaker may be nearest. When love burns in the heart duties become transformed to privileges; and all service a source of delight. The greatest felicity is found in the presence of the Lord; and should trials, and reverses come, or the Lord withdraw his face for a season, so that he exclaim: "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" mark! the Spirit of adoption enables him to say still "My God." J.

A MILD WINTER.—The mild weather enjoyed at the East during the past winter is a subject of frequent mention and a cause of thankfulness in behalf especially of the poor, whose work and wages have been interrupted during the hard times. The *Boston Transcript* says:

It is something worth remembering that on the 14th of January, 1858, in the afternoon, men were seen sitting upon the grass on the Common sunning themselves, and that others were engaged with buckets of water upon a scaffolding of the new buildings in Franklin street, washing down the granite, and that crocuses were protruding their tops through the straw, in the front yards in Beacon street! On the same day and date, the streets of Boston were sprinkled and swept as in midsummer.

The Norfolk (Va.) *Argus* says that the unusual mildness of the season has brought large flocks of birds to that vicinity.

Wild flowers are said to be in bloom in Massachusetts. Butterflies have made their appearance in Rhode Island, and the crocuses and lilacs are opening in New York. Green peas and new potatoes are abundant in the vicinity of New Orleans. On some plantations the orange trees are putting forth their blossoms, and in others are yielding an abundance of fruit. The *Pizayune* acknowledges the receipt of a mess of ripe strawberries grown in the open air, without the aid of glass. A letter from Florida says—"peach trees are in full bloom, and all kinds of trees are out like May. People are very busy gardening." In Mobile roses and all kinds of flowers are in full bloom.

Still the *ordinary* winter climate of California surpasses all their exceptional days. The birds never leave us altogether and roses bloom in our gardens every month of the year. And what is more, other people as well as luxurious editors, can eat strawberries in winter "grown in the open air without the aid of glass."

RUSSIAN ANNIVERSARY.—In the year 1862 the thousandth anniversary of the Russian monarchy is to be celebrated with great pomp and national manifestation in Russia.

EX-President Tyler is lying very ill at his residence, "Sherwood Forest," Charles City county, Va. He has been suffering for several weeks past with a severe chronic attack.

AN IMPORTANT CHURCH OFFICER.—One of the most useful men to any church and society, as many know by experience, is a prompt, gentlemanly TREASURER. On the appointed days, and perhaps at the same hour of those days, he makes his appearance at the Pastor's house, and the Pastor sees in him, as it were, a whole congregation earnest to fulfil their obligations to their minister. The bands of love, through a delicate sense of obligation and gratitude insensibly grow stronger in the Pastor's heart. He respects his people more, he is admonished and quickened in his duties.

But when this Treasurer comes far behind his time, and then pays over only a small part of the large arrears, and dolefully tells the minister that the society is very poor, and that they find it exceedingly difficult to raise his salary, then the minister and his wife have long and sad conferences about their straitened circumstances. If there be any cruelty and any suffering which is peculiarly exquisite and keen, it may be found in the treatment of a sensitive Pastor by an unfaithful people, and in his secret sorrows on account of it.—*Dr. Nehemiah Adams.*

BIG OAK FLAT, March 1, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Oak Flat, situated high up among the hills eastward of the Tuolumne river, and distant from Sonora, via. Ward's Ferry, about fourteen miles—retired as it is from the busy world below, yet promises to be a place of some importance.

The placer diggings are known to be rich; but owing to the want of water, which has hitherto proved a bar to successful operations, have failed to attract a very large population, or to yield the amount of treasure which the native richness of the ground would seem to warrant. This objection, however, is about to be overcome. Two years ago a company was formed called the "Golden Rock Water Company," consisting of seven hundred and fifty shares, at two hundred dollars per share, to take the water from the South Fork of the Tuolumne river, and carry the same by canal into this region of country. The stock was taken, and paid for by labor upon the works, and everything went on swimingly, twenty-eight miles of the ditch being completed, or nearly so, when they encountered an obstacle in the Big Gap, not so easy of surmounting. The Big Gap is a deep ravine or canon, which it is necessary to flume, and as the expense of such an undertaking will probably be in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars, it well might stagger even the miner's stout heart. The work was then suspended for want of funds and has since been unable to go on, but negotiations are now pending, the result of which will no doubt enable the company to resume operations and construct the flume. It is said the work will very soon be commenced. This ditch, when completed to the extent contemplated, will be a mammoth one, traversing a distance of ninety miles, and including the waste water lines, one hundred and twenty miles, supplying the districts of the Garotes, Oak Flat, New Years, Coulterville, French Bar, and the adjoining camps, and opening to the enterprize of the industrious a rich succession of placers hitherto lying dormant for the want of the needful element. Busy times it will be then for these patient fellows who have been waiting these long years for a "moving of the waters" to heal them of a disease (very prevalent by the way, even in California) *aggravated leanness of the pocket.*

Oak Flat is not a whit behind her sister towns in the number of her quartz leads. Some of them are being worked with good success, and others awaiting the result of further "prospecting." I have in this connection no wonderful "strikes" to record, yet the *chespas* sometimes revealing themselves, show clearly the gold bearing nature of the rock.

The "San Francisco and Oak Flat Quartz Mining Company" have a superior mill in operation, of the capacity of sixty horse power, carrying twenty-four stamps, and crushing about thirty tons of rock per twenty-four hours. Aside from the stamps, and propelled also by steam power, are four *arrastras*. The enterprizing proprietors, Capt. Swain and Col. McKee of San Francisco, D. N. Hunt, Esq., formerly of Sacramento, and Judge Martin of this place, will no doubt, while imparting, as such operations most assuredly do, a benefit to the community, realize an ample fortune to themselves; they are owners of several veins—the rock is good, and in speaking of them one may be excused for saying with the bard, "there's no such word as fail."

A new and remarkably rich vein was recently discovered at Gentry's Flat, some four miles distant from the famous Sherman claim, that for four months past has yielded such a large amount of gold, and is said to far exceed that in richness; a sack full of rock taken out last week, is reported to have paid at the rate of $5,000 per ton. This, however, may be somewhat exaggerated, though the rock is known to be auriferous to a very remarkable degree.

An affray occurred here on Monday of last week, resulting in the death of an Italian whose name I don't now remember. The circumstances, as I learned them, are that the deceased, while in a state of intoxication, entered the butcher shop belonging to a countryman, and without the least provocation, seized the proprietor by the collar of his coat, and drawing his knife, inflicted a severe wound on his shoulder. The butcher, to defend himself, seized a stick which was lying near and struck the attacking party upon the head, inflicting a wound from which he died in a few hours after. On the following day the butcher was examined before the magistrate and very properly discharged. Another victim to the Juggernaut of whisky! When will these things end?

At present Oak Flat is only accessible by wagon road, round by way of Coulterville, and pedestrians would be wise to avoid the trail; difficult, however, only from its steep grade. The survey for a wagon road, by way of Moccasin Hill, has been made, and pronounced entirely feasible. It is more than probable that during the coming summer the road will be built, a desideratum devoutly to be wished for by travelers. Let not any lovers of travel curiously disposed to visit these diggings, be deterred from doing so by thinking that because this little busy camp is in a retired position among the mountains, he therefore cannot find provision for his bodily wants. On the contrary, he will find at the "Big Tree House" both good cheer and good beds, and Anthony, "with fair round belly and good capon lined," on hand, and not only glad to see, but ready to serve them. (N. B. The above is entirely *gratis*.)

Efforts are being made for the formation of a new county from that portion of territory now forming a part of Tuolumne and Mariposa counties, and lying between the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, to be called Yo-Semite, and a petition to that effect from the citizens thereof has been sent up to the legislative wisdom (?) at Sacramento. Should a bill granting the prayer be passed, there will be some spirited rivalry between Oak Flat and Coulterville for the honors and emoluments of the county seat.

Divine service is held here upon every alternate Sabbath by Rev. Mr. McCulloch, and the pulpit is often filled on the intervening Sabbaths, so that we are favored with preaching quite regularly. The first Sabbath school ever established in this place was organized on Sunday last, under the superintendence of Col. McKee, a gentleman who, from his long experience in this position in the older States, is excellently well qualified for the task. Sixteen juvenile pupils were in attendance, and promised to bring as many more on the next Sabbath; and a number of the more advanced expressed their desire to be enrolled in Bible classes. Several misses of that time of life so susceptible of good impressions, the "transition state," as was beautifully expressed by the superintendent in his excellent remarks, "between budding youth and blooming womanhood," came forward with alacrity and enrolled themselves in the latter.

There is a Division of the Sons of Temperance in the place, but I am sorry to say, it is in rather a sleepy condition. I hope when the town becomes plentifully supplied with the element which is the great beverage of nature, that they will bathe themselves with new vigor, and successfully combat their great enemy, king alcohol.

Truly yours, L.

James E. Darvin, a boy only nine years of age, committed suicide in Virginia, not long since, because his mother threatened to correct him.

BOYS IN LARGE CITIES.—The proper care of exposed boyes who are destitute of home restraints and nurture is one of the great problems of society. The London police have recently discovered a rendezvous of boys *in the interior of a sewer* where they lived like rats, to the number of twenty or more, a secret order of banditti, having their cooking utensils, rags to lie on, regulations and pass words, &c.

GRAHAM LECTURES—MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH.—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist*, contains the following:

The "Graham Lectures," the second series of which is now in progress at the Brooklyn Lyceum, by Prof. Huntington of Cambridge, Mass., are attracting an unusual degree of public attention. Mr. Graham, a wealthy and liberal citizen of Brooklyn, who died some years ago, made provision in his will of an annual series of lectures, to illustrate "the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of God," designed especially to meet the doubts and struggles of sceptical minds; to whom the argument of the natural constitution of things, as seen in the wide sphere of creation, was to be presented, as affording evidence of a Divine Being. The first series was given last year by Rev. Dr. Storrs, on the "Constitution of the Human Soul." Prof. Huntington's theme is "Human Society." Provision was made by Mr. Graham for the publication of each course, after delivery, in permanent book form, for general sale. The present lectures are given every fortnight, on Sunday evenings; and the crowds that go to hear them are almost unprecedented. Prof. Huntington, since he has been in town, has been set upon as if he were Mr. Spurgeon himself. It is the misfortune of the hall to hold only about a thousand persons, at its utmost capacity, while probably thrice that number have attempted to hear the lectures, but have been compelled to turn away disappointed. A general demand has been made for a larger audience room, though it may be questioned whether, according to the directions of the testator, any other building than the "Brooklyn Lyceum" can be lawfully used. In regard to the character of these performances, it need hardly be said that they are of the first merit. Prof. Huntington's style combines Saxon vigor with Latin elegance, and his only fault as a lecturer is not in his lecture, but in his delivery of it. His fine thoughts and strong words lose a good deal of their beauty and power through a lack of energy and fire in their utterance. He reads his MS. with an audible voice, but without warmth and almost without earnestness. But the lectures are popular and even fashionable; and when the types and printed paper shall have done their author more complete justice than he is now doing himself, they cannot fail to be widely read and greatly admired.

In my last, I mentioned the project of a baptistery for Mr. Beecher's church. Since then, the question has come up, in the church, of making an extensive enlargement in the building, so that a larger audience may attend the pastor's preaching. At the recent annual pew letting, every pew was taken, with the exception of two, which were not worth having; besides which, almost a hundred applications, either for whole or half pews, could not be supplied. The capacity of the edifice limits the audience to about three thousand persons, which, if the house were larger, would, on every Sunday of clear weather, be increased to nearly twice that number. It is said, also, that Mr. Beecher has received an offer from some Christian gentlemen in New York, of a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, and a new church, to be built up-town, to contain an audience of seven thousand persons. His present salary is only half that sum.

The decision by which crown jewels in possession of the queen of England to the value of five million dollars have been transferred to the royal family of Hanover, is considered a matter of some consequence by the poor government of the latter kingdom. The royal family of England and Hanover were the same originally, and when George I. went to England he took the jewels with him from Hanover. Their return has been demanded for many years, and at length the question was referred to three English judges, who found the claim to be just and reported in its favor. The jewelry includes nearly all worn by Queen Victoria on state occasions, a single stone having cost $100,000. The British regalia will be insignificant after the Hanoverian jewels are returned.

The ladies of Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian church, Detroit, effected an insurance on the life of the late Mr. McElroy, their pastor, about two years ago for the sum of $3,000. The policy was in full force at the time of his death, and the amount reverts to his family.

PROSPECTS OF CHINA. Mr. Williams writes from Macao: The present condition of China is, I think, only the beginning of those commotions and overturnings which will gradually bring in the light of the Gospel. If it retains her independence, there will be no controlling restraint, like the English sway in India, to keep masses of people from throwing themselves against each other when aroused by fear, oppression, or love of plunder. It seems to me idle to look for permanence in any plans formed by Western governments to put their relations with the Pekin or Nankin rulers on a secure or well understood basis. Power, intelligence, skill, and *considerable* unscrupulousness, arrayed against weakness, ignorance, and unfaithfulness, will always breed collisions, and what the strongest are ready to call *insults*,—the only devices the cunning and weak know of to avenge themselves. Overturn and overturn will be the story with the Chinese during many years to come, and if they were not to suffer so fearfully from such dashings, one might wish the time to be shortened. If China is opened throughout, how far in advance of the messengers of glad tidings will be the trader, the buccanier, the papist, and the traveler! The Church is, perhaps, not ready for such an expansion of the field of its labors; but we can safely trust the ark of God to His keeping, if the cattle do shake it, and the road it travels is beset with hedges, and covered with stones.—*Journal of Missions for February.*

LIEUT. MAURY IN THE NAVY. "Lieut. Maury, who has been physically incapacitated for naval service by a broken leg, having been restored to rank by the Naval Court, other officers now demand that he either be sent to s

The Weekly Pacific.

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The "Hebrew Hercules."—It will be seen by our advertising columns that the publishers offer to send this interesting work by mail, prepaid, to any part of the State on the receipt of $1.50 in postage stamps, or in cash, as may best suit the convenience of those who send their orders.

The National Wagon Road Guide.—This is a pamphlet work prepared by W. Wadsworth and published and for sale by Whitton, Towne & Co., as advertised. It contains an abundance of practical information, pleasantly set forth, answering the very questions which one contemplating emigrating to this State would ask. Thousands of copies ought to be mailed by those who have friends to whom they would wish to convey this information. Besides giving much information concerning California, an outfit, &c., it is a complete guide book over the plains by the National Wagon Road from St. Joseph and Council Bluffs via South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. The map of the route accompanying this work is valuable and worth the entire price of the book.

In Luck.—The proprietors of the Allison Lead (five brothers) are said to have $150,000 in bullion, on deposit in the Assay Office in this city. Under our present system this large amount does not contribute anything to the revenue of the State.

Passed.—The Legislature have passed the Wagon Road Bill over the veto of the Governor.

Arrested.—Northrup, who recently killed Reynolds at North San Juan, has been arrested near Colusa, and brought back for trial.

The "Law and Order" Recruits.—The Committee of the Legislature to whom was referred the bill providing for the payment of the "law and order" army enlisted in this city in the summer of 1856, have reported adversely upon it. The bill appropriated $60,000 for the purpose specified.

Bear Creek Bridge.—The Mariposa *Democrat* says that the supply of water from this ditch, which has furnished miners in the vicinity of Hornitas with all they have used this winter, has entirely ceased, and in consequence the miners have suspended operations.

Indian Difficulties.—A serious affray with Indians recently took place at Hawkinsville, Sierra county. One of the Indians known as "Tie John" was killed, and another severely wounded. An attempt to rob the cabin of a Mr. Kennedy was the origin of the affair.

Found Drowned.—The body of James Thorp, formerly employed on the steamship *Senora*, was found in the Bay at the foot of Clay street wharf, on March 11th.

A Steamboat Sell.—A sham duel scene was enacted at a point below Stockton, between two gentlemen named Stewart and Herron, just as the steamer was passing, on March 10th, the parties fired and one fell. The engine of the *Cornelia* was reversed, the bell rung, and all got aboard were anxious to get the news. The supposed wounded man, however, was taken back to the city in a boat, and the steamer proceeded on, doubtless to spread the news of a terrible fight.

American Valley.—Mr. Maxwell, formerly a resident of Oroville, recently arrived here, says the *North Californian*, from American Valley. When he left there provisions of all kinds were selling at very low rates; flour being only seven dollars per hundred, beef fourteen cents per pound, etc. Farmers had commenced putting in their crops. A greater amount of ground will be seeded down this season than ever before. No snow in the Valley, but says he encountered considerable on the trail, coming down.

Contradiction.—Richard Peane Robinson, a policeman of this city, has published a card, in which he states that some malicious persons have connected his name with that of another Richard P. Robinson, accused of the murder of Helen Jewett, and who died sometime since at the Galt House, in Louisville, Kentucky.

From the South.—The Senator arrived on the 10th inst. bringing dates from Los Angeles and San Diego to March 6th. The country in that vicinity is suffering severely from drought. A fire occurred at Los Angeles on the 25th of February, which destroyed property to the amount of near $40,000. Among the property consumed was the tinsmith shop of Hale & Childs, together with the stock, valued at $20,000. Messrs. Ackenmann and Morgan had arrived in Los Angeles from Salt Lake City, which place they left on the 6th of February. They say that an order was issued by the authorities, about the 10th of January, that the people should have boxes made, to contain about 150 pounds, to pack their grain in, and bring them to the Elders, who would take charge of them and "cache" them in the mountains. Another order was issued, that a company of 1,000 men should hold themselves in readiness to go into the mountains on the 15th of February, and cut off supplies coming to the army. The authorities of Salt Lake are represented as still inclined for war, and seem determined to keep the United States troops outside the city; at all events, until the crops are gathered in. There was a rumor in circulation that there had been a fight or engagement between the Mormon forces and United States troops, in which the latter were defeated; but the report was thought to be without foundation.

Mercantile Library Statistics.—The whole number of books taken from the Mercantile Library during the month of February, according to the report of the Librarian, was 1445, consisting of works in the following departments of literature, viz: Romances, 771 volumes; Travels, 182; Biography, 123; History, 84; Belles Letters, 66; Bound Periodicals, 34; Science, 45; Poetry, 44; Law, 17; Religion, 12; Miscellaneous, 58. The above shows a decrease of 188 volumes from the number reported for the preceding month. Four hundred and sixty volumes have been added to the library during the month—402 by purchase, and 58 donations. Six subscribing members have joined the Association during the month.

Light House at Santa Cruz.—Collector Watson of Monterey, recently visited Santa Cruz to investigate the title of lands, on which it is proposed to build the Light-house under instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury. An appropriation was made for the purpose by Congress several years ago.

Killed.—A man named Ridgley was recently shot in an affray at Nevada by a man named Tyree. The killing is generally regarded as justifiable homicide.

Doings of the Legislature.—The two branches of this body passed last week, fifty-nine bills, seventeen of which would be, as laws, general in their application, the remainder pertaining to county and individual interests, among the latter are relief bills to the amount of thirteen thousand dollars. The number of bills introduced into both Houses is fifty; sixteen general, and the remainder special Acts.

Honey Lake.—The Red Bluffs *Beacon* says of this region: "U. J. Tutt, —— Jones, and George Kraft, arrived here last week from Honey Lake, having traveled the entire distance on foot; they report snow, more or less, all the way from Summit Spring to Pine Meadows, the deepest being at the base of the Black Buttes—they have only had about five inches of snow in the valley this winter. Stock of every kind, and crops, they represent as looking very fine. The saw mill on Deep Creek is cutting a large amount of lumber, for which he finds a ready sale at the mill, at $30 per 1000 feet. They saw no Indians or Indian sign on the route, nor any game larger than a bird. They left again on Saturday with a good supply of choice garden seeds, which they intend to plant in the valley."

The Harnashy Case.—The investigation of this individual's alleged delinquencies in the Branch Mint of this city commenced before the U. S. Commission on the 15th inst. and is now progressing.

Action and Reaction.—Some little remark has been occasioned by the action of Mr. M. S. Latham, one of the counsel engaged in defending Whithurst, arraigned for murder in the Fourth District Court. Taking offence at the ruling of Judge Hager, the gentleman indignantly threw up the case, but on "sober second thought" concluded to resume its conduct. The episode occurred on the 12th inst. and the "backing down" on the 14th.

Obscene Publications.—On the evening of March 13th a detective officer arrested three book sellers of this city for the offence of selling obscene books. The names of the parties were Samuel Jones, James McGrath and Geo. W. Murray, (the latter is in the employ of G. C. Gibbs). On the 14th the case came up before Judge Coon, who intimated that as the offence had not been committed publicly the accused could not be held to answer. Rather a curious decision this.

[Since the foregoing was in type the case has assumed a different aspect. The accused have been convicted and fined in the following sums: Murray, $50; McGrath, $50; and Arnheim, $50. This is a most gratifying result, and we trust will act as a warning.]

Casualty.—Hans Anderson was recently killed at Dotch's Bar by the caving in upon him of a bank of earth.

Opening of the French Hospital.—The new French hospital on Brannan street was opened on March 15th with appropriate ceremonies in which our French residents generally joined.

Mining Accident.—Two men were recently killed by the caving of a bank at Henry's Diggings, El Dorado county. Their names were Robert Carson and Beiote. A companion named Case, escaped.

State Finances.—The disbursements from the State Treasury since the assembling of the Legislature, have amounted to $207,545 20. The balance on hand is now only $371,587 88; on which state of affairs the Sacramento *Union* very sensibly remarks: "From the profuse manner in which the public funds are expended, and the amount of emptiness of claims which are brought forward, with a design to deplete the State treasury, it is fair to presume that by the close of the session, the Treasurer will have little else to do than to watch the empty vaults of the Capitol."

A Curious Motion.—A member of our State Assembly recently moved that the body in question adjourn over St. Patrick's Day!

From the North.—Two steamers have arrived from the Northern coast since our last, the Santa Cruz and the Pacific. Both brought shipments of gold, and no news important. An Indian had been hung for committing a rape on a white woman near the Dalles. Lieut. Alden, reported some time since as having perished in the snow between Simcoe and Walla Walla, had returned safe to Portland.

Mortality of Sacramento.—Seven deaths occurred at the Capital during the week ending March 13th.

Brutal Outrage.—At Weber Creek, El Dorado county on March 10th, a fellow named Charles Chinaman attempted himself as a Constable and a Collector of Foll Taxes, demanded pay. The Chinaman said he had paid his tax at Mud Springs. Crafts made after him. John retreated to where some gentlemen were at work and claimed their protection. Soon after the bogus Constable came up and summoned them to assist him to arrest the Chinaman. At first they refused, but on threatening to have them arrested for refusing to assist an officer, one of them went with him. Seizing Chinaman and tied him. He then mounted his horse, tying the rope to the horn of his saddle, and started up the hill in the direction of Newtown. When about one-fourth up the hill he either jumped or fell from his horse, and started him up the hill, the poor Chinaman piteously appealing to him to stop the horse. Poor John struck down and dragged some distance, but are gratified to learn that he was severely bruised. We quently arrested.

The Klamath Indians.—An Oregon paper says of these savages: "We understand that the citizens of Jackson county have a petition in circulation, requesting the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to take some energetic steps to prevent the large number of Indians from roaming through the settlements and loafing around Jacksonville. If something is not done to prevent these Klamath Lake Indians from mixing with the settlements, there will be another Indian war—for there is no love for the red skins in Southern Oregon, and the Klamath Lake Indians are as great thieves as any other."

Kansas Meetings.—The Democracy of Butte county held a meeting last week, and passed resolutions against the Lecompton Constitution. A notice of a meeting to be held next Wednesday in Marysville has been given; and it is rumored that one will be held in Sacramento during the present week.

Severe Sentence.—A justice in El Dorado recently, in the case of two Chinamen for chicken stealing, decided that each delinquent should pay a fine of six dollars for the larceny, and six dollars each for the eleven stolen fowls!

Unjustifiable.—Some scoundrels in Auburn recently set fire to the late residence of the negro Bracy, and others took possession of his ranch to prevent the property from passing to his brother.

The Tax Collector Sustained.—On the 16th March, Judge Morton decided that the Tax Collector could not be held answerable for a contempt of Court in proceeding with a sale of property for delinquent taxes, the new law recently passed having given him authority to thus act. The decision was rendered with more promptness than had been anticipated, thus disappointing certain individuals who had expected to profit by the "law's delay" in the matter.

More Pardons.—Otto L. Robel, convicted of petit larceny in Sacramento last month, and sentenced to pay a fine of $180 and imprisonment in the County Jail for 90 days, has been pardoned by Governor Weller. F. White, convicted on Feb. 18th, with the condition that he should leave the State within twenty days, has had the time extended to May 15th, in consequence of his ill health.

George E. Nias, convicted in this city December 10, 1857, of assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do bodily injury, and sentenced to pay a fine of $30, or be imprisoned till paid, has been pardoned by the Governor, and the fine remitted. The papers do not show whether he has yet been imprisoned at all. It is represented that the act was committed under provocation, and that the character of Nias for sobriety and industry was good. The books at that he has a large family depending on him for support.

The Archy Case.—The Archy case, after having been postponed several times, came up before Judge Freelon on the 17th inst. By agreement Archy was discharged from custody, but re-arrested before leaving the court room, by U. S. Marshal Solomon. The case will now be tried under the fugitive slave law. Much excitement existed in the city on the afternoon of Archy's discharge and re-arrest, especially among the colored population.

The Kansas Resolutions.—The Kansas Resolutions, recommending immediate admission under the Lecompton Constitution, have passed the Senate by a vote of 20 to 15.

Return of an "Exile."—William Carr, one of the Vigilance Committee exiles, returned to this city on the bark *Yankee*, from Honolulu.

Not Yet.—The Legislature has not yet determined on a day for its final adjournment.

Decision Against Col. Fremont.—The Supreme Court has decided that Col. Fremont has no proprietory right to the minerals contained in his grant of Los Mariposas and that his title does not preclude other parties from mining operations thereon.

Oakland as our next Capital.—An attempt is being made to remove the seat of the State Government from Sacramento to Oakland. The correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin* says: "As the State owns no property in Sacramento, and as Oakland is nearer the great centre of travel and trade than this city, I think that next to San Francisco, it is the best place for the State Capitol to be permanently located. I am assured that the proposition finds great favor with the members from the Southern counties, Alameda, Contra Costa, San Joaquin, San Francisco, San Mateo, Marin, Solano, and a few from the mining counties, and can almost start into the fight with a clear majority of Assemblymen. A State house could be built cheaper at Oakland than in Sacramento, because no doubt the land would be donated by the citizens, labor is as cheap, and the cost of laying the materials on the ground less."

State Translator.—Mr. John B. Brady, of this city, has been awarded the job of translating the laws of the present Legislature into Spanish. The price fixed by the contract is $1 per folio, including proof-reading.

Approved.—The Governor has approved the bill for the relief of the San Francisco and Mission Dolores Railroad Co.

Fire and Murder.—A one-story frame building near San Juan on the road from San Jose to Monterey was recently burned down. After the fire the bodies of Mrs. Oden, her four children and her niece, a Miss Burns, were found on the premises. From the fact that wounds were found on the bodies it is presumed that the unfortunate persons were murdered previous to the firing of the house. A Mexican servant, discharged a short time previously, is believed to have been the murderer and incendiary. He has not yet been arrested.

Accident at Shasta.—A claim on Horsetown Hill caved in on March 9th, and severely injured McGee and Larry, two of the proprietors. Larkin, another of the owners, who was at work with them, was thrown entirely away from the claim, while the cave completely buried the others. The *Courier* remarks: "Larkin at once directed the hose upon the bank of fallen dirt, and speedily washed our his companions, and thus saved their lives. But for the remarkable presence of mind the three would have been as who had expected to profit by the "law's delay" in the their lives. As it was, McGee had one leg broken in two places, and his chest severely injured. Both of the injured parties will in all probability speedily recover."

A Large Egg.—A hen in Folsom lately, belonging to S. Wilkowsky, laid an egg which measured nine and three-fourth by seven inches in circumference—so says the *Dispatch*.

Mining News.—Miners are doing remarkably well in Calaveras county, especially in quartz. The greater portion of the placer mining is in deep diggings. New diggings have been discovered at Sutter Creek in Amador county. The Jackson ditch is progressing finely. In Placer county the diggings are paying well, in some instances five quartz mills in operation a few miles west of Auburn. Water is abundant and diggings good in the vicinity of Yreka. Diggings paying five ounces a day to the hand have been discovered on Indian Creek. A lump worth $1000 was recently taken out near Shasta. Two day's work of the Pleasant Valley quartz mill in El Dorado yielded $800. New and rich diggings have been struck at Poverty Point. The pay dirt is from six to nine feet deep, of a soft nature, easily washed, and prospects from five to fifty cents to the pan. The gold is heavy and fine. The discoverers think their claim will last three years. The Placerville *Index* says: "A. T. Melvin, of this city, has in his possession some of the richest quartz specimens we have seen for many a day. Melvin picked them up at the new quartz mill of Nougues, near Kelsey. This magnificent mill, is now in successful operation. It is constantly working eighteen stamps. The mill is a superb piece of workmanship—complete in all its appointments; the lode is remarkably rich, and will doubtless yield an abundant harvest of the ore."

Rejected.—The claim of J. S. Polach to Goat Island in the Bay, opposite to this city, has been rejected in the U. S. District Court. The land claim of Manuel Diaz to property in Sacramento county has also been rejected by the same tribunal.

Assaying.—A firm in Folsom is said to be assaying about $20,000 of gold dust per week.

A Chance for Constructionists.—A correspondent of the Sierra *Citizen* offers to pay five hundred dollars to any person who will construe section sixth and eight, of "An Act to fix the time of holding the County Court, Probate Court, and Court of Sessions of Sierra county," approved March 6th, 1858; and also inform him, at what time and by whom the Court of Sessions is to be held by virtue of said Act.

Frozen to Death.—Lewis Remme, who was lately frozen in the snow while crossing from Table Rock to the South Umpqua, was left by his associate, who found that he (Remme) could not proceed further, with horses, saddles and saddle bags containing $8,000. When a party succeeded in finding his body, the horses, saddles and saddle-bags had disappeared.

Foreign Miners' Licenses.—In Shasta, the foreign miners' license collected and paid into the Treasury for the three months ending March 1st, 1858, amounted to $5,708.

Telegraph to Oregon.—The Trinity *Journal* says on this subject: "There is already a line from Portland to Corvallis, 50 miles thence to Jacksonville, about 250 miles, will not cost much in proportion to the convenience to Oregon people; and the Jacksonville folk are able to build a line to Yreka. A stage road from Crescent City to Jacksonville is being built, to be finished next year in twenty-four hours. Now the Crescent City and Jacksonville papers are in instant communication with the world, and we get them. The telegraph will put us in instant communication with the northern coast."

Chinamen Buried.—Three Chinamen were recently buried by a cave of dirt at Shady Creek, on the South Yuba. Two were taken out dead, and the other badly injured.

THE GREAT WEST.

The Western Country is, without a doubt, the salvation of the East. To the abounding fertility and surplus products of our Western possessions, we are largely indebted for the food that sustains our life. Without the supply they afford, our great manufacturing and industrial establishments, if not absolutely brought to a stand, would be greatly crippled. The check in the movement of its products last Fall, and the pecuniary ruin of thousands engaged in business. It precipitated and aggravated the Money crisis in Europe, and its effects were felt throughout the commercial world. Among the good effects which will come from the compensations for the late revulsion, will be the more rapid filling up of the West. The tide of emmigration from the Atlantic Westward, will be stimulated in the Spring by the closing of those now unproductive pursuits which have heretofore sustained a large population at the general expense. The cessation of employment in legitimate enterprises, now overdone, will add to the ranks of our Inland commonwealths, and the general reduction of wages, which must take place, will lessen the temptation to cling to the older States as places of residence. These, and various other causes, in their combined influence, must tend to equalize the population of the Republic, to deplete the overcrowded districts, and to settle the wilderness with energetic and industrious men. The very disposition to move and seek new quarters, argues activity and capacity; and the wonderful which have been achieved in our Inland commonwealths, show that the settlers there vindicate the character which, in emigrating, they assumed. Even the malcontents and political refugees of foreign birth, who clamor for impossible things in the cities, and stand ready to fill up the ranks of filibustering expeditions, make excellent border-men. It, like Corporal Sym, they hold the world their oyster, there is no better place at which they may open it than at the West. Their restless activity finds good exercise there; and as lords of their own freeholds, they can subsist into profitable employment. The ownership of land is the very best security for our future, and the general diffusion of property among citizens. Other property and abstract political rights require a process of ratiocination, which disappointed revolutionists cannot, or will not, undertake. A farm, with acres to clear, and stock to protect, is a substantial reality which they can appreciate. But emigrants Westward have lately been met, at every point within approachable distance by enormous prices. Land has fallen into the possession of speculators, and thence into the ownership of occupants who have burdened it with mortgages and liabilities, the existence of which had placed it above the reach of new purchasers. The owners would not willingly submit to the ruin of a sale at its actual value, and rather than sell, is bored on, struggling against fate and necessity. But the late revulsion has checked speculation; prices of land have receded to something like a just equipoise, and a more healthy state of affairs is destined to rule beyond the Alleghanies.—*N. Y. Shipping List.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON A FINANCIER.

It is somewhat singular that the most determined "croakers," or croakers, both in America and England, regarded France as the most dangerously inflated country, and it is no doubt the case that stock speculations were there carried to an unsafe point. It has, however, turned out that France has been least affected by the panic, and the organ of the panic makers in New York was exulting in the midst of a fancied realization of ten years croaking, the admirable letter of the French Emperor in relation to the panic was received and commented on. Nov. 29, as follows:

"The French Emperor's Letter on France.—We published, a couple of days ago, a letter from the French Emperor, calling upon the people to keep up their spirits, and not on any account to allow themselves to be caught by the panic. His Majesty was severe and severe on the panic people who lost their presence of mind on such occasions. He was positive that no danger menaced the bank or public credit.

"Napoleon does not enjoy much reputation as a financier. If he did the letter would be likely to shake it. For the ink will hardly have dry before the directors of the bank must have seen the permanent necessity of either suspending specie payments or taking some equivalent step; and in all probability a panic will have arrived before the period to which the Americans and English are mere gentle breezes.

"Look out for stirring news from France."

Sixty days have passed, the "ink" is quite "dry," and the stirring news from France" is of the utmost "commercial serenity." The Bank has not "suspended," or taken an "equivalent step," but has lowered its rate of interest from 10 to 5 per cent., the premium on gold from 10 to 1 per mill to par; the Bank has accumulated coin and reduced its discounts, and the whole trade, wholesale and retail, is reputation as a financier does not seem to be much shaken by the event.

It is an extraordinary fact, and one to which we have heretofore called attention repeatedly, that a certain portion of the world has learned very slowly and reluctantly to appreciate Louis Napoleon. During the first few years after the *coup d'etat* it was the custom to speak of him as "that fool," "that villain," and to predict that his career would be at an end the first time he came within range of a republican rifle." The elections that were held were hooted at—"nobody of any sense supposed they were a free expression of opinion;" when the war came and more ey was wanted, "that fool," instead of going to the Jews, appealed to those people who, instead of "republican rifle" balls, showered him with gold Napoleons. The books of subscription were opened at the chief places of each arrondissement. The smallest subscription was for 10 francs rente. The three loans were as follows:

Amount asked.	*Price.*	*Stock issued.*	*Francs.*
March, 1854,..200,000,000	4½s at 92.50—3	per cent. at 65.25	
Feb'y, 1855,..500,000,000	4½s at 92.60—3	"	65.25
July, 1855,..750,000,000	4½s at 92.25—3	"	65.25
Total...1,500,000,000			

Subscribed.	*Francs.*	*No. Subscribed.*
March, 1855,.....	497,000,000	98,600
Feb'y, 1855,.....	2,175,000,000	177,000
July, 1855,.....	3,622,000,000	316,864
Total.....	6,274,000,000	591,864

Of the subscribers for the last loan 286,577 were in the provinces, and 80,287 in Paris, so "that fool" got his money, and the people whose votes he "constrained" gave him the money freely. An attempt was made at first to assert that the loans, like the elections, were frauds; but as the money was all paid up promptly that would not work. In spite of that large war outlay, in spite of inundations, loss of wine crops and silk crops, France has continued to prosper. It is the only country which has not felt the panic. The Emperor forbid panic making, and, seeing the distress which has grown out of that trade, the gobbling people itself whether "that fool" was not in the right.—*U. S. Econ.*

SUGAR IN FRANCE.

The production of beet-root sugar in France, during the three months ending Nov. 30, was as follows:

	1858.	1857.	*Increase.*
Made (kilogrammes)...	34,316,644.	54,522,439.	20,268,855
Stock November 30....	16,167,612.	25,982,790.	9,785,857

The advance in the price of cane sugar last year seems thus to have stimulated a great production of beet root, which will be still further enhanced by the low prices of food this year, making the beet root more profitable than grain.—*U. S. Econ.*

GREAT BRITAIN—THE REVENUE.

	Year ended Dec. 31, 1857.	*Year ended Dec. 31,* 1856.	
Customs.....	£22,364,852.		£23,618,375
Excise.....	17,472,000.		17,676,778
Stamps.....	7,369,253.		7,268,272
Taxes.....	1,106,076.		2,105,026
Property Tax.....	15,137,997.		16,022,736
Post Office.....	2,982,000.		2,989,182
Crown Lands.....	278,654.		284,857
Miscellaneous.....	1,077,094.		971,106
Total Income.....	£70,390,342.		£72,218,988

BRITISH FACTORY SYSTEM.

The total number of operatives in the Woolen, Flax, and Silk production in 1857 is estimated by Mr. McCulloch, in an article just published on the subject, at over 1,300,000, viz:

Number of Factories for spinning and weaving Cotton, Sheep's Wool, Flax, and Silk, in the United Kingdom in 1856.

	England.	*Scotland.*	*Ireland.*	*Total.*
No. of Factories.....	4,422.	530.	155.	5,117
No. of Spindles....	30,122,165.	2,643,003.	238,382.	33,503,550
Steam Power.....	239,382.	26,435.	3,388.	268,680
Water Power.....	117,113.	14,779.	5,764.	137,711
Males under 18....	15,584.	4,927.	2,853.	23,724
Females under 18..	23,966.	488.	53.	24,507
Males 13 to 18....	20,773.	700.	61.	21,534
Females 13 to 18..	69,311.	6,580.	4,356.	70,247
Males above 18....	156,056.	14,203.	6,140.	176,400
Females above 18..	305,700.	55,300.	22,378.	383,378
Males, total.....	241,300.	21,279.	10,549.	273,137
Females, total.....	330,769.	69,153.	22,420.	409,390

The employment of nearly 800,000 minors, male and female, throughout the Kingdom, further developes the sources of the country. Legislation has also interfered and restricted employers in the number of hours in which children shall be employed. Notwithstanding this there has been great progress among the operatives.

The extraordinary increase in machinery in Great Britain may be conceived of by the following table.

The following table exhibits an account of the number of powerlooms in 1836, 1850, and 1856:

	1836.	1850.	1856.
Cotton.....	108,751.	249,627.	298,587
Woolen.....	2,150.	8,439.	14,453
Worsted.....	2,960.	32,617.	38,956
Silk.....	1,714.	6,002.	9,200
Flax.....	209.	3,670.	7,689
Total.....	115,793	301,445.	369,205

In less than twenty years the number of persons employed in the worsted manufacture has increased 177 per cent, as may be seen by the annexed summary, while the rapid increase in the production of cotton goods, woolens, flax, and silk, is also fully shown:

Total number of persons employed in the Factories of the United Kingdom, 1838, 1850, and 1856.

	1838.	1850	1856.	*Increase in 18 yrs.*
Cotton.....	220,134.	330,924.	379,218.	159,084
Woolen.....	54,308.	74,443.	79,091.	46
Worsted..	31,628.	79,737.	87,794.	177
Flax.....	43,557.	68,434.	80,262.	84
Silk.....	34,303.	42,554.	56,187.	63
Total..	423,400.	596,082.	682,497.	61

POST OFFICE.

Reduced Rates of Postage to Austria, via France.

We are requested to give notice that a new postal convention was concluded between the governments of France and Austria on the 1st of September last, by which certain changes have resulted in the rates of postage upon correspondence exchanged by the way of France between the United States and Austria, and the countries to which Austria serves as an intermediate point.

The rates to be levied in the United States on and after the 1st of February, 1858, upon letters addressed to the following countries and places, by French mail, will be as follows, viz:

Austria and its States, and the city of Belgrade, 21 cents the single rate of ½ ounce or under, prepayment optional, being in full to destination.

Moldavia, Ionian Islands, Adrianople, Seres, Sophia, Rustchuck, Antivari, Selo, Bourghas, Canea, Durazzo, Janina, Larnica, Prevesa, Sinope, Tenedos, and Valona, 30 cents the single rate of ½ ounce or under, prepayment optional, being in full to destination.

Montenegro, Servia (except Belgrade), and cities in European Turkey other than those enumerated above or in the "tables of postages to foreign countries," 21 cents the single rate of ½ ounce or under, prepayment required, being in full to the Austrian frontier only.

Postmasters should note these changes of rates upon their tables of postages to foreign countries.—*N. Y. Ship. List.*

POPULATION IN CUBA.

The statistical report for the Island of Cuba for 1857 gives the census of the Island, which, compared with those of 1841 and 1847, it will be perceived there is a decrease:

	White.	*Free Col'd.*	*Slaves.*	*Total.*
Census of 1841.....	752,838.	152,838.	436,495.	1,007,824
Census of 1857.....	425,770.	159,223.	322,706.	903,752
	549,674.	174,810.	374,549.	1,096,942

There are besides, 5,240 emancipados and 5,708 Asiatics, making 1,107,491. It is observed that there was a decrease of 112,736 slaves in the six years ending with 1857, which only 6,385 increased the free colored class. The slave class in Cuba, like that formerly in the British West Indies, is sustained by importation. The full grown black can be imported cheaper than he can be raised (probably for the want of a high tariff); for the same reason he was worked harder because he could be cheaply replaced. During the six years ending with 1847 the British Government fomented, through its Consul, Turnbull, that insurrection which terminated in the frightful and horrid slaughter made by the military commission of the Governor of Cuba, in which eight or ten thousand negroes were murdered in Matanzas and Cardenas alone, by eight or ten thousand modes of torture, to verify a supposed conspiracy, which in any case could not have been known to more than a dozen of the race. In those days, the zeal of the British cruisers was more active, and a less number could be imported. Since then the prices of Cuban produce have advanced, and the prosperity of the Island has become very great. This condition was also greatly improved in the fact that the slaves are now to the whites as 1 to 1½, while in 1841 they were as 1 to 85. Although the slaves have increased at the rate of 5,000 per annum, notwithstanding a hardship unfavorable to life, the country is still less favorable to increase than the cities, on account of the greater severity of labor, the paucity of females in proportion to men, the stinted and inferior quality of food, harsh treatment, exposure, and the want of useful rest and sleep.—*U. S. Econ.*

INSPECTION OF SHIPS.

A committee of Marine Underwriters were recently in Washington, recommending the passage of a law requiring that within five years after a sea going vessel is launched, she shall be opened her entire length by taking off a plank outside and inside, so that her frame may be carefully examined, to see whether it is sound. The underwriters state that it frequently happens that a vessel, which to external appearances is perfectly sound, and which is comparatively new, is, in fact, so rotten as to drop to pieces in a moderate gale. This decay, as a general thing, is consequent upon some defect in the timber, which shows within five years after the vessel is launched; and if it does not occur within that time it never does. The object of the proposed law is to secure suitable and thorough inspection of hulls during the first year of their use.—*N. Y. Ship. List.*

Lyon's Kathairon.

If your Hair is falling out, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.
If your Hair is getting Grey, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.
If you are troubled with Dandruff, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.
If you desire Soft, Glossy Hair, Use LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale and universal popularity of Lyon's Kathairon prove it to be the finest preparation for the Hair ever made. Sold by all dealers everywhere for 5 cents per bottle.

HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO.,
Proprietors and Perfumers,
63 Liberty street, New York.

Sold by Druggists generally.

PARK & WHITE,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
132 Washington street, opposite the Market,
San Francisco.

dec18-3m

CAUTION! CAUTION!

Beware of Counterfeits! Hostetter's Bitters.

The public are aware that for some years past Hostetter's Bitters have, by their intrinsic merit, as the best tonic of the present day, won a name and celebrity beyond any other compound of the like kind. The immense and ready sale which Hostetter's Bitters met with, induced a number of persons to engage in counterfeiting them, by buying up the bottles, and filling them with a spurious and noxious compound. Also, several worthless preparations are gotten up in San Francisco, with the evident design of being palmed off as the genuine Hostetter's Bitters, having a similar bottle and label, and the directions, etc., taken off verbatim, save the omittance of Dr. J. Hostetter's name, and then making sales of the articles to the saloon keepers and others at reduced prices, under the representation that they are the genuine article. Purchasers should always examine the bottle and see that it is covered with metallic caps, with the name of "Dr. J. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters" stamped on, and not with tin-foil or wax, as is the case with counterfeit articles. The above name is also blown in the glass on one side of the bottle. Sold by

PARK & WHITE,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
132 Washington street, opposite the Market, San Francisco.

J. DEFFEBACHER & CO., Agents,
65 J street, Sacramento.

fe4 2m

Weekly Review of the Market.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 17th.

Business during the past week has generally been rated dull by every one engaged in trade, and the consequence of absence of disposition to operate either by jobbers or speculators, has tended to make quotations for many descriptions of goods quite nominal. The most material feature to note has been the decline in raw SUGARS, owing to parties putting their stocks on the market immediately after an arrival of some 460,000 lbs. China No. 1 is now worth about 14c; Green TEAS in 1-lb canisters have also declined to 42 1-2c. a 45c: Blacks are unchanged. COFFEE has been very quiet. BARLEY and OATS are very dull, the former at $1.47 1-2 and the latter at $1.90. Choice POTATOES are selling at 80c per bag. FLOUR is jobbing slowly at old rates—say, Domestic at $16 a $19, and Haxall at $22. Provisions steady, except BUTTER, of which choice Eastern can be bought at 45c.

SHIPPING REGISTER.

Arrived.

MARCH 12—Schr Ortolan, Bruce, 5 hrs fm Pigeon Point; potatoes to Brennan & Co.

Schr Helen Maria, McEwing, 24 hrs fm Tomales; clams to McDonald & Co.

MARCH 13—Chil ship San Antonio, Green 67 ds fm Callao; coal to Alsop & Co.

Brig Caracoa, Davenport, 40 hrs fm Mendocino; lumber to A M Simpson.

Schr Ann Delgardeo, Blood, 6 hours fm Tomales; produce and wood to Master.

Schr A M Simpson, Gregory, 8 hours from Bodega; potatoes to Hathaway & Co.

Schr Emma, Leighton, 8 hrs fm Williams' Landing; lumber to C S Dunham & Co.

Schr Mount Vernon, Josselyn, 24 hrs fm Monterey; produce to Master.

Schr Elizabeth Owens, Hobart, 37 ds fm Colorado River; ballast to R E Raymond.

MARCH 14—Stmr Santa Cruz, Fauntleroy, 22 days fm Columbia River; freight and pass to Master.

Brig Wolcott, Powell, 4 ds fm Humboldt; lumber to P Hinckle.

Schr Ann Delgardeo, Blood, 6 hours fm Tomales; produce and wood to Master.

Schr A M Simpson, Gregory, 8 hours from Bodega; potatoes to Hathaway & Co.

Schr Emma, Leighton, 8 hrs fm Williams' Landing; lumber to C S Dunham & Co.

Schr Mount Vernon, Josselyn, 24 hrs fm Monterey; produce to Master.

Schr Elizabeth Owens, Hobart, 37 ds fm Colorado River; ballast to R E Raymond.

MARCH 14—Stmr Santa Cruz, Fauntleroy, 22 days fm Columbia River; freight and pass to Master.

Brig Wolcott, Powell, 4 ds fm Humboldt; lumber to P Hinckle.

MARCH 15—Clipper ship Webfoot, Hedge, 120 ds fm New York; mdse to Wm T Coleman & Co.

Clipper ship Ocean Telegraph, Willis, 103 days from New York; mdse to Stanley & Grimes.

Clipper bark Yankee, Smith, 15 ds fm Honolulu; mdse to Morgan, Hathaway & Co.

MARCH 16—French brig of war Alcibiade, M de Marigny, Commander, 16 ds fm Honolulu.

Cleared.

MARCH 12—Danish bark Teresa, Kirsting, Hongkong; Ziel, Berchsen & Co.

Schr Flying Dart, Fregman, Mazatlan; Bolton, Barron & Co.

Schr European, Cooper, Albion River.

MARCH 13—Fr ship Moise, Roux, Valparaiso; Le Cacheux, Galley & Co.

Schr Laura Bevin, Morton, San Pedro; W Pierce.

Schr Louisa, Lemmon, Monterey; R H Bennett & Co.

MARCH 15—Ship Torrent, Glove, Fort Townsend; Macondray & Co.

Schr Louisa, Lemmon, Monterey; R H Bennett & Co.

MARCH 16—Ship Osborn Howes, Kelly, Callao; Stevens, Baker & Co.

Brig Manuel Payno, Samuel Naghel, Colorado River; A Smith.

☞ **Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry**—For the Instant Relief and Rapid Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza, Pain in the Breast or Side, et

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Bennie and the Tiger.

A fair little English boy, lay sleeping in the shady verandah of his Indian home. The servant who was left with him was unfaithful to her trust; and while he slept, wandered away in search of pleasure. A treacherous tiger, prowling in search of a pig or a lamb for his supper, finding the village very quiet, ventured in among the dwellings. The English gentlemen were all absent, and most of the natives were in the rice swamp or the paddy field; while the white ladies, exhausted with the heat, were taking their rest, little dreaming how careless were their nurses.

The treacherous tiger crept noiselessly past the deserted house, until he spied the sweet little sleeper. Then with one bound he sprang upon him, grasped the flowing white robe in his teeth, and darted off to his native jungle. Having secured the prize, he laid him down; and as a kitten plays with the captive mouse, began sporting with him. He walked round and round, laid first one paw and then another on the plump little feet, and looked into his beautiful face as if his ferocious heart was almost melted by its sweetness.

There was a brave heart in little Bennie, for he seemed not at all allarmed by his strange companion. He was well used to Nero, the large black house dog; the ponies were his chief favorites; and he felt inclined to look on the tiger, perhaps, as an addition to his circle of dumb friends. Or if the glance of those fiery eyeballs, and the display of those dreadful teeth, made his heart beat for a moment, he only returned the gaze, saying in baby language: "I'm not afraid of you, for I've got a father! You can't touch Bennie—Bennie's got a mamma!" O, how strong this trust in earthly love made that frail boy! Why will not those who know that God is over all, confide in him in times of danger, and be at rest.

All this time the boy's mother slept, nor dreamed of danger to her darling. The truant nurse, missing her little charge, flew from house to house in search of him. But the eye which never sleeps was on him. An aged native had heard the low growl of satisfaction, which, to his practiced ear, told that the a tiger had seized his prey. Taking his carbine, he followed in his trail, and secreted himself noiselessly behind the bushes. He watched his opportunity to fire, trembling lest the charge meant for the tiger might kill the boy. He took his aim and fired. The tiger ran a few steps toward the jungle, then staggered and fell dead within a few yards of the little captive. Do you think that mother could ever forget the kind old native? Could she ever forget God who saved her darling from so terrible a death.

There is an enemy more dangerous than any beast of the forest, who seeks to destroy both soul and body—Satan, whom the Scripture calls a "roaring lion." He has many servants, who watch like the tiger for their prey, ready to spring upon unguarded youth. God has warned us against these spiritual foes, and promised his protection to all who trust in him.—*Reaper.*

Female Influence.

Of what infinite value to society is that tenderness, compassion, and benevolence which the Almighty has impressed on the female heart! It is a woman's exclusive gift; it is the foundation of all her virtues—the mainspring of all her usefulness.

Let her, then, daily consider the awful responsibility of such a gift; let her consider it as amongst her most valuable possessions, and solely employ it for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; and more especially for the nursing, training, and educating the young of her own sex. Let her give her heart, her tenderness, her compassion, to the infant orphan and the deserted child.

Let her, in humble imitation of her great Master, become a teacher of the ignorant, and the instructor of babes; and let her, like him, fold in her arms the lovely emblems of those beings that form the kingdom of heaven.

Let her, with active zeal, bring little children to Christ that he may bless them; and though, under her fostering care no great legislator, prince, or prophet may arise, a superior reward will await her labors—that which is promised to those who save a soul from death.

It will be her peculiar and happy lot to rear good Christians, and useful members of society; and above all, blessed spirits, for eternal happiness in the communion of saints made perfect.

BONNETS.—BY T. TEVOL.

Of all the charms dear woman wears,
Of all her many traps and snares,
For real effect there's naught compares
With a truly pretty bonnet;
For when or wherever you chance to meet
One that is perfectly modest and neat,
You may depend 'tis a proof complete
That the *head* has more *in* than *on* it.

No matter whether she's pretty or not,
How much or how little money she's got,
Whether she live in mansion or cot,
'Tis a fact, depend upon it;
The woman to make a man happy thro' life,
To make a model mother and wife,
Is one who, scorning the millliner strife,
Wears a plain and tasteful bonnet.

Now a bonnet of genuine beauty and grace,
Worn *on* the head in its proper place,
Shadowing faintly the wearer's face,
"Is a thing for a song or a sonnet;"
But one of these gay and gaudy things,
Made up of rainbows and butterfly wings,
A mixture of flowers, ribbons, and strings,
Is dreadful, depend upon it.

A vulgar mass of "fuss and feather,"
A little of everything thrown together,
As if by a touch of witchcraft or weather,
A wretched conglomeration—
A sort of cup to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to "go bare and bare,"
A striking example of "Nothing to Wear,"
Is this bonnet abomination.

It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in *catching* nothing but cold,
Is sad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck;
For look at her face, no bonnet is there,
Seen at the side, it hangs by a hair,
View it behind, and you will declare
That the creature has broken her neck.

No matter where you may chance to be,
No matter how many women you see,
A promiscuous crowd or a circle she,
You may fully depend upon it
That a gem of the very rarest kind,
A thing most difficult to find,
A pet for which we long have pined,
Is a perfect "love of a bonnet."

Copying a Blot.

"Mother, who, of all the big boys should you like me to pattern after?" asked a little boy who was looking round for a good example.

"Who should you think?" asked his mother; "you know the big boys better than I do."

The little boy thought. Then he said, that the "*hum*" is emphatic. He say:

"Raising cane (Cain) is a familiar term for most kinds if iniquity and wrong. How often, in our juvenile delinquences have we heard the parental command 'quit raising Cain.' Now sir, if I (and many others) had continued to heed this parental injunction we should have been much better off. The fact is, I wanted to be humbugged just a little, and so concluded to 'raise cane.' I have done so, and gone the whole figure, mill and all, and believe I can now reckon out the whole sum and arrive at a correct conclusion. It is this—it will not and cannot be made to pay in this latitude.

Let us see how the account stands. The rent of land that is fit to grow cane upon, is worth $12 per acre. It will cost twice as much to tend it as it would corn, and after being grown, then is the time your labor just begins. Just imagine yourself, (with the thermometer at or above the freezing point, with rain half of the time,) taking up, singly, 12,000 to 13,000 stalks 12 feet long (the product of an acre) and picking off the leaves and cutting off the tops—running through the mill, 5 or 6 stalk at a time, and see the juice come out as green as a frog pond; yes sir, as green as the man that quits other work to raise cane.

Now for the boiling. This is a disagreeble, odorous operation, the worst part of all, and takes about half as long as it would to make sugar from maple sap. Next, the product. I have it manufactured in several ways; it is nothing but good boiled sweet apple cider and never will be any thing else; there is no more grain to it than there is to tar. The produce per acre is enough, I admit, to satisfy any reasonable man, if it was good for anything. It cannot be used for anything where boiled sweet cider would not be as good. All kinds of cake turn black when sweetened with it. I care not if some visionary people pronounce it good; they may make up faces when they taste it, and turn their backs to hide a scowl as often as they please, the whole truth must and will come out—the whole thing is a failure. Those who are green enough to still puff it are referred to the days of Morus Multicaulis, when it was said 'our wives and daughters would be clothed in silk every day,' independent of Italy or France—or to the Chinese Tree Corn under whose shade the Nations could repose. Where are they now? Gone to the shade they could not produce.

Sugar and molasses are now produced upon low priced land, with labor that cost nothing but board and whipping. How can we compete with them with high-priced land and paid labor? We shall see. You asked for facts from the other side of the question; here they are, incontrovertible from the very nature of the case. I should have written long since, but I wanted to wait until the scum boiled off for I expect some addle- brained correspondent of yours will be after me with a sharp stick, if it is not a Sorg-Hum I don't care; let them come—I am prepared for them."

PROGRESSIVE AGRICULTURE.—The New York *Observer* says the following good things of progressive agriculture:

"Under its influence spring up tasty and convenient dwellings, adorned with shrubs and flowers, and beautiful within with the smiles of happy wives, tidy children in the lap of thoughtful age, broad hearths, and acts as well as words of welcome. Progressive agriculture builds barns, and puts gutters on them; builds stables for cattle, and raises roots to feed them. It grafts wild apple trees by the meadow with pippins or greenings; it sets out new orchards, and takes care of the old ones.

"It drains new lands, cuts down bushes, buys a mower, house tools, and wagons; keeps good fences, and practices soiling. It makes hens lay and chickens live, and prevents swine from rooting up meadows. Progressive agriculture keeps on hand plenty of dry fuel, and brings in the oven-wood for the women. It plows deeply, sows plentifully, harrows evenly, and prays for the blessing of Heaven. Finally, it subscribes for good religious, agricultural, and family journals, and pays for them in advance; advocates free schools, and always takes something besides the family to the county fair."

If one-tenth part of the persevering attention and labor bestowed to so much purpose in rubbing down and currying the skins of horses were bestowed by the human race in keeping themselves in good condition, and a little attention paid to diet and clothing, colds, nervous diseases and stomach complaints, would cease to form so large an item in the catalogue of human miseries. Man studies the nature of other animals, and adapts his conduct to their constitution:—himself alone he continues ignorant of and neglects.

MIGRATION OF BUSINESS.

It is wonderful how rapidly fashionable dwelling sites have of late years become fashionable business quarters, and one trade after another pushes on from the Battery towards Harlem. The retail trade of the city has been steadily followed up Broadway by the jobbing houses; and the last panic seemed so to blend them that it was difficult to distinguish between the two "castes." The dry goods jobbers are followed by the hat men; the provision men, the shoe men, and the crockery men, like succeeding waves; and this Spring the large dry goods houses of Broadway will migrate to Park Place and the College grounds, to be succeeded by provision houses in lower Broadway.

It requires no great stretch of memory to recall the time when in our own city Broadway was the principal jobbing street for fine goods, as the upper part of Pearl was for coarser descriptions. From thence a few heavy dealers moved down to Hanover square, and for a long time the Pearl street interest was synonymous with the dry goods trade.

The "Pearl street merchant" was a term understood all over the country, and for several years this class had that section almost to themselves. Every new beginner in the business felt the necessity of securing a store in this location, and property there rapidly rose in value.

As the old leases expired new ones were executed at constantly increasing rates, until at last rents in that favored spot became enormous. The dry goods merchant has always been liberal in this respect, and the landlord thought that the screws might be turned ad libitum. But good nature at last failed; the jobbers, in reckoning their apparent profits, found that a large portion went for rent and taxes, and the more restless and the most prudent pulled up stakes. The cross streets afforded a cheap and advantageous refuge from this griping avarice, and thus the lower part of Cedar, Maiden lane, Fine, and Beaver were settled, becoming in a short time important. New stores were built, or the old ones remodelled, and those who removed thither took a large portion of the trade with them. Her human nature is the same everywhere. Landlords appear never to know when they are well off, and the owners of the new location soon became as grasping as the old. The moment the first leases expired there was a prompt refusal to renew except at exorbitant rates, and trade finding—like the persecuted of old—no rest, again migrated towards the upper portions of the same streets, taking along the most responsible of the merchants, and the cream of the trade, leaving the late landlords to lament over their short sighted policy. A locality may be necessary to a young house, but an old established and wealthy firm takes his business with him.

All this time it will be noticed that trade, when distributed, moved westward, following the law of universal progress. The bulk of goods sold were shipped West, the avenues of departure opened in that direction, our Havre packets always discharged on that side of the city, the depot for Canada cars was always there, and naturally so, for it was perfectly natural, aside from other causes, that trade should incline in that direction. With the great fire of 1845 it received a new and powerful impetus. The property adjoining Trinity Church, and upon which Grace Church formerly stood, became occupied by a building which payed an enormous interest to the owner, or what was then thought a great rent, but which has been long eclipsed in magnitude. The old Mansion House, so renowned in the past, yielded to the destroyer. Its massive walls would have defied the attacks of time, but succumbed to the spirit of improvement, and in its place spacious stores grew, beneath the trowel and the hammer. The old and substantial building formerly known to all visitors as the City Hotel was demolished, and its site is occupied by four splendid stores, let to first class jobbers. The Croton Hotel was remodelled at considerable expense, and the occupants taking advantage of their location did a large business. Cortlandt, Barclay, and Vesey street are now full as much of a depot for dry goods as Cedar, Pine, or Liberty; east of Broadway, was ten years ago. West of Broadway it has been widened, and become an important street. Even the sanctum had been planned to expand upon, and "Poor Richard Cuddy" reared its magnificent front over the once rural graves of ancient Knickerbockers. The east side of Broadway, running through to New street, was seized upon by the express men, an institution of the last twenty years' growth. The multiplication of banks in the last six years caused Wall street also to overflow, and they have supplanted the "corner groceries" on Broadway.

The creation of Stewart's marble palace in Chambers street was long the upper landmark, and jobbers gradually approached it.

The whole of Broadway, for some ways even above Park Place—the "west end" of twenty years since—was soon occupied by stores, and far above Park the lots 25x100 brought their owners from $8,000 to $12,000 per annum. The Park to Bowling Green, and the cross streets from Broad to Greenwich, were occupied by importers and jobbers of dry goods. Some of the buildings were erected for merchants who did business in Pearl street thirty years since, while the number of those who are remaining in old quarters (although under greatly lessened rent, have dwindled to very few.

The breadth and beauty of Park Place, with its aristocratic dwellings of thirty years since, lately encroached upon by "book men," last year attracted the jobbers, and they occupied it so formidably that old Columbia could hold out no longer. Her classic grounds, once in the rural districts, had been undisturbed by suburban dwellings, which, like the tirrailleurs of an advancing army, long since occupied them. They were also the solid advance of fashionable houses, and the old classic elms waved proudly amidst the "west end" of the metropolis. Neither wooden building nor brown stone front got footing upon the College Green," but at the back of the lots jobbing interest "Alma Mater" fled northward. Professors and Alumni shrank from contact with salesmen and drummers, and the young trade in books was the nucleus of learning. Park Place and the Park were formerly the limits within which the drama, law, learning, and religion held their temples, beyond much else of trade. The late "Old Dursy" was the first to fly before encroachment. Religion followed next. The old Dutch Reformed, Grace Church, and Dr. Adams' long since left their wards in names and churches and stores. The John street is retained only by a hard fight and Trinity has been saved for a time only by a struggle with Wall street—an ominous symptom. Lutheran, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists have abandoned the ground. Learning having fled, law remains alone to breast encroachment, and already its ground has been bid for, for a Post Office on one hand, and by Stewart, the pioneer dry goods man, on the other; but the seat of Justice is now in the heart of business, and the Law Courts are surrounded by trade which possesses a large paper currency, and moreover, owing to the new federal monetary system to which she has subscribed, rather inclined to increase her silver than her gold currency. The wants of Turkey cannot be estimated; it is a country without either commerce or credit, and may be left out of the account. Moreover, if the countries best disposed to absorb gold are to be taken into account, why not, M. Chevalier should have mention those, such as Holland and Belgium, for example, that are inclined to repudiate gold altogether as a circulating medium? Again, in Asia and Africa the currency preferred is silver. Hence M. Chevalier thinks that in the course of the next ten years 200,000 lbs. of gold is the utmost that can be coined by the countries above mentioned

As for the quantity of gold likely to be absorbed in the manufacture of articles of luxury, M. Chevalier is not inclined to attribute much importance to it. In the first place he observes that luxury does not consist so much in a great display of gold as in the use of rich silks, the purchase of works of art, and such like. Some gold is used in gilding apartments and furniture, but gold trinkets are made very light, and the quantity of metal used for watch cases and rings is extremely limited. It would be but natural to suppose that, owing to the immense commercial prosperity of England, the manufacture of gold articles must have experienced a large increase; and yet, from the official returns of the assay office, it appears that the manufacture in question has by no means kept pace with the increase of population; for the present amount of the former is only 50 per cent more than it was at the commencement of the century, while the population has exactly doubled within the same period. Moreover the annual quantity of gold that the trade consumes is but an atom compared with the quantity extracted, being on an average not more than 7,000 ounces, articles for export included. The author arrives at similar results as regards France, and at length reminding his readers that in 1827 M. de Humboldt fixed the quantity of gold annually manufactured in Europe (old metal included) at 9,300 kilogrammes, he consents to double that sum, and to make no allowance for old metal, so as to admit that 18,600 kilogrammes of new metal are annually thrown into the jewelry trade of Europe, or perhaps 25,000 kilogrammes, if America be taken into the account. Continuing his calculations he allows about 10,000 kilogrammes per annum for gilding and gold lace.

Lastly, as regards the immense development of trade which is believed to require a considerable increase of metallic currency, M. Chevalier is of the opinion that no allowance ought to be made for this item, seeing that most commercial affairs are settled by a circulation of paper, and that payments in specie only occur for small balances. An increase of population does indeed call for an increase in the metallic currency, but by no means in the proportion of the actual production of gold. One of the natural effects of circulation is a loss in the quantity of metal by friction or wear; this M. Chevalier lays down at ten million francs per annum; and he allows an additional fifty millions for casualties and shipwrecks. From all these calculations, and making the largest allowances, it appears that in the course of the next ten years a total of about 1,050,000 kilogrammes of gold may be thrown into the market without overstocking it. But during the same period, and at the present yield, 2,500,000 kilogrammes will have been produced; there consequently remains 1,400,000 kilogrammes of gold to be disposed of. These will assuredly be absorbed, because the current of circulation is insatiable; but on one condition only, *that of a proportionate fall in the value of the precious metal.*

Having arrived at this conclusion M. Michel Chevalier lays it down as a well known axiom, that in all those countries where gold is a legal tender, a decline in its value is necessarily followed by a general rise in prices, and he then proceeds to examine which of the two precious metals is a legal tender in France. After an elaborate sketch of the history of the French currency, from the remotest times, he arrives at the final conclusion that the real standard of value in France is the silver franc, and that gold, although at present thrown into the circulation to an immense amount, has never been recognized as a legal tender

The author of the article now arrives at the most important point of the question: What will be the effect of a fall in the value of gold, and how can the dangers resulting from it be avoided in France? Here he traces an animated picture of the consequences that would attend a diminution in the price of gold in those countries where it is a standard value; how the working classes will have to struggle with unforeseen difficulties, because employers will resist a demand for increase of salary until the last moment, and how governments will be obliged to run the risk of insurrections by increasing the national charges. But will governments in such a case be either legally or morally bound to afford compensation to the public? M Chevalier thinks that England will not, because her standard of value is gold; she has engaged to pay the public creditor in so much gold; she has fulfilled that engagement at time when gold was scarce. and she, therefore, has a right to the same when it is overabundant. But France, whose legal tender is silver, is clearly bound in conscience to make good the loss the holder will incur, in consequence of the immense quantity of that metal put into circulation together with silver. We omit some other collateral questions here touched upon by the author, to come at once to the remedies or precautions to be taken against the impending fall. First, the government might have recourse to the frequent recoinage of gold pieces, each time increasing the quantity of metal, a plan which would only breed confusion. Next, it might recoin its gold, once for all, in pieces on which the weight, instead of the number of francs, might be marked. Under this system, the most rational one, according to the author, a gold piece of five grammes, for example, would have a variable value, determined by periodical tariffs published by government, according to the price of the metal in the chiefest markets of Europe. A third mode would consist in at once decreeing that the gold pieces now in circulation shall have a variable value, according to the scale of the market; so that a twenty franc piece would, for example, only cost 19fr. 50c., &c. Here M. Chevalier enters at large into the questions the latter measure would involve, and quotes the precedents of Russia, Holland, and Belgium, in support of several of his views; and concludes with examining the opinions of other writers on this question of the day, who propose to make gold the legal standard, instead of silver. Should that opinion prevail, M. Chevalier gives it as his conviction that, in a few years, France would lose all her silver, to the last five franc piece.

Mining Magazine.

THE NEW YORK BANKING SYSTEM.

Every body disclaims against speculation, and our friends on the other side of the Atlantic talk of the "commercial temperament of the Americans," as shown in the fluctuations of prices and of the rates of interest, but if our banking system had been planned to encourage speculation, and make business all the mutability of the wildest speculation, no more effectual means could have been devised. The defect lies in the "temperament of Americans," but in the bad machinery they work with.

Only so lately as 1854 the banks were saved from suspension by the interposition of the Secretary of the Treasury—in releasing from the subtreasury by unusual means a large amount of specie. In September, 1851, only three years before, the banks were again on the verge of suspension. The shipments of coin were about $12,000,000 in the two months of June and July in that year, and in September following the total stock remaining in all the banks was about 60,000,000. Where would they have stood after another month of equal export? Happily for the banks there were no "weekly statements" at that time, and the extent of their danger was not known until it was passed, and so *they did not suspend.* Those weekly statements were proposed as a safeguard to the banks and the public—that they might have timely warning, and might always keep themselves strong—but the result has not yet been attained. The banks have not acted upon the knowledge so afforded them, and the effect has been only to hasten the late crisis by revealing their weakness. And so it will continue to be—a series of revulsions, more or less severe, as long as the present system continues. Extremes of expansion and contraction are the law of their action. The law of interest always urging towards the last point of expansion, and that of necessity and safety hurrying them back to contraction. The limit of expansion is not fixed by statute, nor by any rule of sound banking The only recognized limit is *danger*—immediate and pressing DANGER—and the mode of contraction, therefore, suits the case—it is a run for life, and its motto is "save on pain!"

The present system of banking is an evasion of the usury laws on a gigantic scale, and is therefore an outgrowth of those laws. It is a practical anomaly growing out of a legal one. The law limits the rate of interest to 7 per cent, but capital wants more and will have it. The courts have made usury out of almost every possible form of impossible violation of this law, but there is one evasion of it that has escaped them—that is the lending of the *same money at 20 per cent, in many words* in making 5 per cent loans on the *understood condition* that half the amount loaned shall be left with the leader to loan over again. Capital having found out this ingenious mode of making *9 per cent expenses*, that is, 14 per cent by lending money at 7 per cent, naturally presses into a business so profitable. Hence we have an enormous increase of the banking capital and movement. Hence we have sixty-five millions in capital with one hundred and twenty million of loans, and sixty or seventy million of nominal deposits—one third of the loans being only so much credit given by the banks for which the merchants pay interest, leaving the money with the banks under the name of deposits.

Another consequence of the effort to make fourteen per cent by lending money at seven, is the endeavor to keep as much as possible of capital and deposits drawing interest; but the specie reserve pays no interest, and therefore must be made as small as safety will allow, and *smaller.* Hence comes the substitution of the treacherous resource of "call loans," delusive alike to the banks and to the public. This is infinitely worse than the system of forced deposits—it is the great panic making power. Call loans with stock collaterals are put in the place of specie. The theory looks plausible as proposed by each separate bank. "If call balances are against us we can call in our loans—get checks on other banks—and thus obtain the needful coin at any moment." But the practice is not so. The causes which alarm one bank alarm the whole. Upon any shock to confidence they all *call* in at once. The stock collaterals are forced upon the market at the same moment that its ability to take them is almost destroyed by the total cessation of new loans. Down they go—ten, twenty, forty per cent suing up the margins of more stable loans, and then these are forced upon the market. The struggle for money to avoid the sacrifice of stocks, and the cessation of loans by the banks, at once breaks in upon all the resources of the merchants—and they are forced into suspension. The country banks share in the panic—their circulation returns upon them, and another depth is reached in the general decline, till finally banks and merchants go down together.

By the operation of these "call loans" millions come suddenly due in a day, and while they sweep away fortunes and crush merchants, the worst of it is that they are comparatively impotent to strengthen the banks. They are swift for ruin, but slow for good. The calling in of loans by the banks does not increase the total of specie until it has had time to force a turn in the interior and foreign exchanges. The checks which they get on each other do not increase their aggregate stock, and so we have repeatedly seen a contraction of ten or twenty millions before there was an increase of more than two or three millions of coin. What is the result of it all? The banks make, for the time, the interest on the eight or ten millions of specie, for which they substitute call loans, at a cost to the country of many times the value of that interest in the derangement of business and the destruction of market values in their frequent panics. The whole banking capital of New York would fall to pay one-half the loss to the merchants, manufacturers, and farmers, and in fact to all classes which in this last instance their action has caused.

We were bound to have a contraction—and how was it done?

Just as the season was approaching when the combined moving powers of currency and credits, and canals and railroads, are usually taxed to their utmost—the forged wheel of the machinery stopped with a shock. The banks of New York *went out of business* as banks of loan and discount. The payment of twenty-five millions of loans was forced from the public in less than sixty days. This payment was made by the sacrifice of property at an average depreciation of full one-third from its ordinary value, and ere cost the payers a loss of seven or eight millions. A similar contraction was forced upon all the banks in the country, which at the same rate on their whole loans of over $800,000,000, would amount to a contraction of $100,000,000. What was the result? The business of the nation was stopped—the course of trade and exchange was reversed—exchange on London that should, by the laws of trade have been at a premium, fell to 10 and even 14 per cent discount—gold, that should have been going to England, came to New York—cargoes of dry goods went back to Manchester—the grain that should have paid for them lay unthrashed on the prairies. With an unprecedented harvest, the sea-board begins the winter with a short supply of food. Collections from the interior become impracticable. and hundreds of welthy firms are driven into bankruptcy. Mills and forges cease their wealth-creating activities. Tens of thousands of stalwart arms and skillful fingers are idle. At last the banks themselves suspend, and so make harmony of the universal disorder, and the nation breathes again.

Now, it is perfectly demonstrable that three-fourths of this ruin, all that was the destruction of what was sound, might have been averted if the banks had held the eight or ten millions of additional coin which they ought to have had, *but did not.*

The call for specie was not severe. The exchanges promptly yielded to the pressure of the banks, and the outflow of specie ceased. A respectable stock in hand would have readily met the requirements of the interior exchanges, and evidence of real strength would have forestalled the demands of a panic. During all the contraction their specie was only reduced about three millions, from say $13,000,000 to $10,000,000, up to the time when desperation brought upon them the final onslaught. Had the stock been $20,000,000, and had it been reduced by the same amount, say to $17,000,000, or even to $15,000,000, or $12,000,000, there would have been no panic at all. The capacity to bear quietly even a very moderate drain would have carried on the business of the country to the period when our bountiful crops of cotton and grain would have begun and accomplished the annual process of liquidation.

It may be thought that too much power for good or evil is attributed to the New York banks, but let it be remembered that they hold nearly one-fifth of the banking capital of the Union. New York is to the United States what London is to Great Britain; and is second only to London among commercial cities. Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, are all below her in influence on the trade and finances and credits of the world. A revulsion and suspension of payments here affects the value of money and property in all the markets of the world; it lessens the price of every bushel of grain and every bale of cotton; it reaches the goods in every warehouse and every ship; and (besides the immediate loss of its own payments) it reduces the means of payment the world over. It touches with blight the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the planter, the mechanic, the laborer, and even the income of the retired and helpless.

But vast and wide-reaching as are the relations of the money-system of New York, we repeat that it fails in those elements of strength, stability, and conservatism, which should make it a resource in times of trial.

The three or four millions of coin which our banks could spare out of their ordinary stock would barely suffice to pay a balance of *one* per cent in a trade of over three hundred millions each way. But a withdrawal of even so small an amount would be met by a contraction of loans, and an indefinite rise in the rate of interest. In impressive contrast is the conduct of the Bank of England, which has often borne a loss of twenty-five millions of dollars without any change in its steady course.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

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